

# THE CONFESSION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

VOLUME II.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1861.

NUMBER 19.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY EVENING

By LORD & BARTLETT,

No. 76 1-2 MAIDEN-LANE,

At Three Dollars a year—payable in advance.

All Letters to be addressed to the publishers, POST PAID.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

### THE ART OF LIVING,

OR, THE HISTORY OF JACK PINFEATHER.

Jack Pinfeather, was the youngest son of a New-England farmer. He was educated, like his brothers, to drop corn and hoe potatoes; but Jack, from his earliest days, had exhibited a sad propensity to laziness, and even while a baby, he was too idle to shake a rattle or play with a kitten; and by the time he was grown to be a dozen years old, his worthy father began to despair of Jack's ever making a farmer. Accordingly, he was sent to a neighboring town to serve an apprenticeship in a fulling-mill; but the genius of idleness still kept him company, and, in a few weeks, he was dismissed from his new employment as being too lazy, either to work or learn. He returned home and lounged about the farm a year or two longer, till his father discovering that idleness is catching, and that the elder boys were beginning to be effected with it, and his mother complaining that Jack was always in the way;—it was, at last, resolved that being unfit for any thing else, our youthful hero should be sent to college. Thus it is, that providence ever accomplishes great ends, by unexpected means,—and thus it happened in the history of Jack Pinfeather, that the spirit of idleness, which his ill-wishers were ever predicting would bring the young dog, at last, to the poor-house, proved in the end to be the cornerstone of all his fortunes!

Jack was now placed at one of those seminaries of learning so plentifully scattered over our happy land, a country academy, and under the learned and assiduous labors of its worthy preceptor, who daily taught all sorts of sciences to all ages, sexes, kinds and descriptions of scholars, he advanced with slow and painful steps, from *penna, penna, to amo, amare*, and thence onward in due progression to syntax and prosody, till, at the end of two years, he astonished his friends by the fluency with which he read and construed the first lines of the *Æneid*. Here, however, Jack's progress in liberal studies, was destined to be interrupted; for though his friends were delighted with his proficiency, they now began to think, that a young man of his talents ought not to be delayed by the intervening tediousness of a college course, but should immediately commence his professional education. Jack was accordingly placed in the office of a country attorney, where he learned to draw a Justice's writ, to copy a mortgage deed, and in the course of a twelve-month, had nearly finished the third volume of Blackstone, when the sudden death of his father, compelled him to seek some more immediate resource for gaining a livelihood. Poverty thus staring him in the face, Jack did what many other men have done in like circumstances,—he did not hang himself—he turned country school-master. Reader! have you known by your own experience the manifold miseries of a country school? If so, I will not harrow up your feelings by recalling them. If you have not enjoyed this experience, your imagination will be racked in vain to conceive the thousand ridiculous, mean and petty vexations, that flit about the devoted pedagogue, thick as musketoes of a summer night, swarm round the head of him, who wanders through some classic grove, or lingers on the bank of some romantic stream. I grow eloquent with the subject and could say many things on this matter finer even than what I have said already—but what, in the mean time, has become of Jack Pinfeather?

Jack was a philosopher. He knew the necessity of humoring the world, and by the aid of a few little arts and a little pardonable quackery, soon obtained great eminence in his profession. In the course of two or three years he was chosen President of the County Lyceum and not long after attained to the honor of being one of the Secretaries of the Grand American Institute of Universal Education. He was already celebrated all over the county, as an admirable "popular lecturer,"—the ladies, in particular, admired the inimitable grace and dignity, with which at every brilliant sentence, he held up the fore finger of his

left hand; he had already published two or three school books and was the author of quite a popular treatise on the dignity and duties of a school-master, when luckily for the world and his own fame, our hero was rewarded for the diligence and ability with which he had educated himself in a lower station, by being invited to become the editor of a city newspaper.

Jack entered on the duties of his new employment with an air of conscious ability. His apprenticeship at the fulling-mill, had qualified him, as he imagined, to discuss with perfect intelligence the whole subject of domestic manufactures, which, about this time, was becoming a topic of considerable interest, while his legal studies rendered him perfectly adequate to instruct his fellow citizens in all matters of legislation and jurisprudence, and then,—as to politics—why,—every man in America is born a politician. But Jack prided himself principally on his literary qualifications, and his skill as a critic. In the intervals of his various and engrossing occupations, he had by no means neglected the cultivation of his *belles-lettres*. He had found leisure to read a dozen of Scott's novels and all Miss Porter's—the *Lady of the Lake*—Moore's *Irish Melodies*, and the first Canto of *Childe Harold*—to say nothing of divers fragments of Southey, Wadsworth, Shelly, Keats, which he had met with in a volume of Specimens of English Poetry. Jack delighted to talk about Wadsworth, and would discourse by the hour on the true poetic, intellectual, unintelligible beauties of Keats and Shelly. He had read besides two numbers of the *Edinburgh Review*, two articles in an odd number of the *Quarterly*, and the whole series of the *North American*, as far as they were published.

Such was the extent of Jack Pinfeather's literature. His art of criticism was equally curious. He talked knowingly of the march of mind, the enlightened public opinion and the spirit of the age. He had certain established epithets of praise or censure which he distributed with all the gravity of a literary dictator. The books he criticised were either dull, pedantic, dry or commonplace, or else, calmly pure, fresh, profound, original and glowing. By what rules of art, Jack regulated his decisions, never could be discovered. Indeed, it was commonly imagined among his friends, that in criticism he had an intuitive skill, something like a seventh son's instinctive knowledge of medicine, or that natural discernment which inspires a newly hatched duckling with the whole art of dabbling in the mud. Be this as it may, certain it is that Jack's sagacity in matters of literature was truly surprising. Such talents, the "discernment of an enlightened age" (this expression is borrowed from the prospectus of Jack's newspaper,) did not suffer to go unrewarded. The number of his subscribers rapidly increased, and in the course of time Jack Pinfeather was looked up to with dread and reverence, not only by the whole tribe of authors, but even by his brother editors, as the greatest newspaper critic living.

Honors now began to flow in fast. Jack received the degree of A. M. from a learned university, he was made president of half a dozen literary and scientific societies, and a member of at least twenty more, and as an indubitable testimony of the confidence of his fellow citizens, he was chosen a member of the State Legislature, and a lieutenant-colonel of a regiment of militia.

The political field, which had for some time been almost deserted by the champions, now began to show signs of an approaching contest. Jack calmly viewed the hostile array, and mustered all his mathematics to calculate the relative strength of the contending parties. When it was too late to delay any longer, he chose his side and stood forth a party politician. Though naturally of rather a cold-blooded temperament, he succeeded in working himself up into quite "a fine phrenzy;" declared, ridiculed, vaunted, and set the libel laws utterly at defiance. But for once, Jack's good angel deserted him. He was prosecuted for some libels and horse-whipped for others; in vain were his lamentations over the decay of political virtue, and his presages of the downfall of the republic—all would not do—the opposite party prevailed; the editors of that party rioted on the spoils of victory, and poor Jack was left at leisure to renew his critical disquisitions.

He began now seriously to consider that to persevere in error is itself an error of the most fatal tendency,—that the voice of the people is the voice of

God; that the enlightened public could not be in the wrong; that an early repentance is always the most effectual. Jack waited only for the message of the new President, to commence operations. On this message he lavished all his choicest epithets, and in four columns and a half, proved it to be the ablest state paper ever written. His advances were well received, and he still continued to bustle forward. At first he was smiled upon, then nodded at, and at last received into confidence; not, however, till he had distinctly avowed that he would not hesitate to make whatever sacrifices the good of the country—that is to say, the predominance of his party—might require. After libelling for three or four years his former associates, and refuting his former principles, he was at length rewarded with a lucrative office. Beside, Jack had gradually grown rich—he therefore sold out his newspaper, and now lives in dignified ease on his income, enjoying the reputation of an accomplished and versatile editor, an acute critic, an able politician, a good citizen; and an honest man.

C. Z.

### FAREWELL TO WINTER.

Old Winter, adieu! thou hast raved and torn,

And tossed the tangles on the gusty blast,

And now thou art sneaking away forlorn!

For we're all rejoiced thy hour is past—

Shame on you, vixen! what horrible screams!

You're howling out to the midnight dark,—

Shading the earth from the sunrise beams,

And hiding the night gem's brilliant spark!

Take yourself off, you snarling old hag,

Clear out with your peaked blue nose and chin,

Speed over meadow and mountain and erag,

Dash away, belldame, through thick and through thin;

Freeze not the warmth of our dear firesides,

With your vinegar aspect, sallow and cold,

Drawn not the music, that pleasure betides,

With your toothless complainings, you terrible scold!

Stoics may talk of the blessings of mind,

And poets may sing of the sunshine of soul;

But who can enjoyments of intellect find—

When his limbs are as motionless as ice at the pole;

Or who can discourse of the raptures of love,

While the fingers and feet of his deary are froze,

Or press the sweet cheek, soft as plumes of a dove,

When Jack Frost is straddling her beautiful nose!

Oh, give me the hour, when, deepening to green,

The valleys rejoice in the life-giving sun,

And the fountains dance out with the glittering sheen,

As happy as girls when their lessons are done.

Or give me the hour, when the shimmering heat

Makes the little fish cry, from the depths of the sea,

"Oh, don't it, we're all in a villainous sweat!"

But give not the moments of winter to me! B.

### QUACKERY.

Pliny has very well observed, "that he who has impudence may easily pass for a physician."

Lord Bacon justly says, that "the impostor frequently triumphs at the bed side of the sick, when true merit is affronted and dishonored! the people having always considered a quack, or an old woman, as the rivals of true physicians."

In another place, Lord Bacon observes:—"That the length of diseases, the sweets of life, the illusive flattery of hope, and the recommendations of the patient's friends, are sufficient reasons for the vilest and most ignorant quacks being often preferred to the best physicians. An ignorant man always gives more hopes than a man of learning."

Vivian Grey says, "I never knew a quack, or an adventurer who could bow well. It requires a dignity which can only result from a consciousness of high breeding, or a high moral character."

This, however, does not hold good, in all respects, with my observations. I know a most consummate quack, who makes the most graceful bow imaginable. He keeps his head bobbing about like Maelzel's Automaton, to every person he meets. It's all the better if he don't know them, for that will excite them to inquire him out. To add a polish to his erudition, he took lessons from a French dancing master; and by that means, he has had imparted a pleasing obliquity to his head, commensurate with the natural obliquity of his intellect.

I know a Dr. Sombreface, of this City, of religious notoriety, who, by that means alone, has jumped into a good practice; and who, by the sanctified elongation of his face, has in some measure, atoned for the weakness of his brain, and the scantiness of his knowledge.

An eminent surgeon was called to see a man with a compound fracture of the leg. He found the limb of the patient snugly encased in alternate

layers of cloth and wood, like an Egyptian mummy, and the *sapient* Dr. Sombreface, who had made several fruitless attempts to reduce the fracture, beseeching from the Lord a miraculous interposition in behalf of the broken leg.

I am acquainted with a Dr. —, without a particle of good sense, that has obtained an ephemeral reputation, by basely aping the fashionable follies of the times, and by nightly attending the sumptuous parties of the exquisites.

Galen justly complains of this custom, even in his day. He assures us there are physicians who are not ashamed to attend in the morning, at the toilet, and make their court to the ladies, and at night, to be of the most sumptuous parties.

SIGMA.

### FLOWERS.

We, as a people, know little of the passion which others entertain for flowers. It is true, we are delighted with the unfolding beauties of the Rose, and gaze with admiration on the almost endless variety, and delicacy of the Tulip's leaves. All the offerings which Spring affords us, are hailed at their coming—they are clothed in gay attire. And these remarks will apply equally well to Winter's gifts; there is a melancholy pleasure in gazing on the mild tints of a monthly Rose. And we seem to wish the period far distant, when its sweetness shall be wasted. These gifts are rare, and we are willing to be amused with them for a season. But the deep unchanging love for flowers is to be found only among females of a warmer clime than ours. The ladies of Chili, are passionate lovers of the delicate productions of nature; they, it is true, have their favorites among them, but the kind, fostering hand, is extended o'er every "blushing garland;" they will press the most unassuming blossom, with rapture, to their lips, and their bosoms; and their fine eyes will beam with unfeigned delight when presented with a bouquet; they will converse hours about it. Theirs is the language of love, of passion; ours, the cold research of information. H. J. W.

### SPRING.

"Come take thine empire o'er this willing breast."

I beg pardon, venerable old winter, for wishing you away from my door. Hoary though thy locks be, and few thy comforts, though thou dost weep tears of ice, thou must away—for she of the laughing eye, and dimpled cheek, Spring, mild Spring! with her gifts of buds and blossoms, has returned. Up and away! Nay, tarry not, but go, and take thy fleecy mantle with thee. And now fair Spring, all hail! Though I have often sighed for thy return, I will not ask where thou hast been roaming, or why thou hast so long delayed thy coming; it is enough that thou art here to gladden every bosom. Spring, sweet Spring! the fairest of the seasons! you are to the year what youth has been to us, the period of every thing that is bright and beautiful. Who would not leave the "gay and festive throng" to tread the green sward, and breathe thy pure air. Oh! joyous is the moment when the first dawn of thy existence tells us the songster of the grove is returning. H. J. W.

A London paper, in speaking of the "bone of contention," the North Eastern Boundary—among other things says, "and leaving Washington in its wilderness unmolested, we must burn New York, in order to bring him—Gen. Jackson—to his senses." Truly I should like nation well to know how the man who is to light the first torch spells his name. I guess he will find as many jaw breaking names among us as his own. JONATHAN.

No Surprise. B fore the disappearance of the comet in 1811, many believed that the world was then to have been at an end. An old man in Vermont, firmly believing this, accordingly procured himself a gallon of rum on the morning, drank until he could drink no more, and in consequence fell asleep. A wag observing this, and knowing that he thought the day of judgment had come, procured some dry hick, and laying them on him, covered him over with straw and green, benumbed tongue, to which he set fire. After growing pretty warm, he awakened, and thinking he was no longer an inhabitant of this earth, he exclaimed—"Just as I expected it to be!"

The bill for removing "sand bars, snags and sawyers in the Mississippi" came up in Congress for consideration, when Mr. King of Alabama moved to "strike out snags and sawyers." Mr. WEBSTER, with a playful countenance, but with his fine manly voice, audible throughout the chamber, said, "Sir, that's every object of the bill!"





man proceeded wasting his time, lending his money to some, and running in debt for others.

At last the Boston company came forth on a second "tour of duty;" and as the accomplished Captain Caesar Cabbage was reckoned second only to Baron Stuben in the mysteries of tactics, Capt. Hapless did not consider himself disparaged in requesting his assistance in the study of street firings. In a few days they became intimate friends, and it was voted by the Galley-west Guards, to give their brethren in arms from Boston a public dinner.

At last the day arrived on which the visitors were to depart. In the morning Captain Cabbage waited upon our hero with a face as long as despair could make it. By degrees he unbosomed his bosom, I mean he made a confession of the grief which was likely to break his needle and hinder his goose from hissing. He was indebted more than he could pay, and, unless he could raise a thousand dollars within a week he would be obliged to shut up shop.

"But can't you borrow the shiners?" demanded Harry.

Capt. Cabbage talked about the honor of a soldier, and his reluctance to ask any favor. He did not like to borrow, he said, though he should be able to refund it in less than a week. He swore daggers and broadswords, that, if some friend would only endorse his note, he would not be obliged to borrow at all, and concluded by desiring Captain Hapless to do him that favor. Harry complied, and in less than a week, was informed that Captain Cabbage had absconded, leaving him to pay the piper. A writ was immediately served on our hero, and he knew not where to turn.

As soon as it was known that Harry was in trouble he was called on to pay for the uniforms of his men, and for the public dinner, as well as for many other things he had procured for the Galley-west Guards. In this extremity he applied to his uncle Sam for the loan of twelve hundred dollars. The old man took a mortgage of his farm, to be foreclosed in three years, if not sooner redeemed, and counted down the money. He then gave Harry a word of good advice, according to the custom of old men in such cases, concluded as follows:

"You've outrun the constable, you great humbug, and you'll die in the poor house, you will. I told you what your sowing would come to, and I always hated your trade of blood. So you hang up your fiddle, and never come here again a courting, for its all over with you and Lucy, I can tell you. You shan't have her till you're as good a man as you were before you put on your top knots and fiddlesticks."

Uncle Sam's bark was always worse than his bite, and, in this case, he did not mean so much as he said; but from that hour all was over with poor Harry. His uncle's speech ruined him. He had lost all motive for ambition, and took no measures to retrieve his fallen fortunes. His cattle were seldom foddered, and to revenge the neglect, they broke into his fields and trod down and devoured his crops. His fences were not repaired, his wood not cut, and in short, he was an undone man. He no longer basked in the smiles of his cousin, and to cap the climax, he took to drinking.

Deeply did his uncle regret his ill-timed severity, for he had loved Harry like a father, and it had been the first wish of his heart to see him united to his daughter; but, at present such an act would have been to unite her to destruction. In March he paid him a visit, and found him in bed, not very sober. He then made a tour in the premises, and found nothing in order. There was no sign of preparation for the labors of the coming season. He went home in despair, and told Lucy it was a gone case.

It was a bad case to be sure; but her affectionate heart suggested means to make it better. As Harry was leaving his own door, on the morning of the first of April, to go to the dram shop, he met a little, old pedlar, bending under the weight of his pack. The man had a high seal-skin cap on his head, and was attired in the costume of years gone by. Withal, his hair was as white as snow, and so was his beard, which reached to his waistband. Yet his teeth were very fine, and the bloom of his cheeks did not accord with his beard and hair. Harry asked him what he had to sell, and as the old man replied, "Every thing," the voice thrilled to his heart. He asked the ancient into his house, assisted him to set down his pack, and made some small purchases. He thought he had seen him before, and felt a strong interest in the features before him.

"I think I've seen you afore, daddy," said he.

"It's very like you may," answered the pedlar.

"You seem too old to carry a pack," rejoined Harry. "Hau't you no other way to git your living?"

"Yes; in the winter I tell fortunes, and I'll tell you'n if you like."

"No, no, daddy, you can't catch old birds with chaff."

"But I'll tell you'n without chargin' you any thing."

Harry suffered himself to be persuaded.—The old man took his hand, gazed attentively on it, and then said: "You're the very man I dreamt on. There's a great deal of money buried on your farm. I can't tell jist where, but it's not very deep. You can reach it with your plough."

A few more words and the old man departed. That night Harry dreamed of hidden treasure, and the next morning, he yoked his oxen, determined to find it. He ploughed all day, and the next, and the next, till he had broken up all his arable land, and still he dreamed of pots of silver and gold, for he remembered to have heard that the pirate Kidd had hidden his booty thereabout. He then thought he had not ploughed deep enough, and went over the ground again. Just as he gave up the bargain for a bad one, his uncle stood by him and said, "Your farm is well ploughed, Harry, and I'll come to-morrow and help you put in your grain."

This spell was broken, but Harry profited by his uncle's aid, and raised a very extraordinary crop. Industry, too, had suspended his visits to the grog-shop. When his fields were ripe for the sickle, his uncle again stood beside him, with the mortgage of his estate in his hand.

"I'm a man of my word, Harry," said he, "and as you're as good a man as ever you were, you may marry Lucy to-morrow, if you like." With these words, he tore the mortgage into fifty pieces, which were quickly blown away by the wind.

As Harry was rocking a cradle on the first of April ensuing, he said to Lucy—"It's very strange, dear, that I was made a fool of this day last year."

"Yes you were, and it was I that made a fool of you. Don't you remember the old pedlar that told your fortune? My butter paid for his pack."

In the course of time, Harry did indeed plough up a treasure from his farm.

Translated from the French of Denon.

#### SEPULCHERS OF THEBES.

The whole side of the Lybian mountain near Thebes is pierced even from its base to three quarters of its elevation, with sepulchral grottoes. Those nearest the base are the most elevated and spacious; those which are found in the most elevated part of the mountain are the poorest, and most badly executed. The grottoes between these two extremes hold a middle rank in execution as well as position, which last indicates order and richness; and in examining them, the poor offer the most interest, because here can be seen the advancement of the arts and trades at this period. A door opening to the east conducts to a gallery about twenty paces long; this is sustained by columns or pilasters, which vary in number from four to ten. At the extremity of this gallery is a pit which conduces to the catacombs, where the mummies are deposited. The depth of these pits is from forty to sixty feet. They meet long subterranean canals, roughly hollowed from the rock, and which terminate in a hall about thirty feet square. This hall is supported by pillars, and still contains many remains of mummies. There are also found a great number of subterranean passages, which probably lead to other halls more concealed from view.

In the upper gallery are carved in bas-relief, or impressed upon the plastering of the walls, while fresh and moist, a crowd of subjects relative to the female ceremonies. The most interesting pictures there found, are those which offer the details which appertain to the arts of the ancient inhabitants of the country. There may be discovered their first occupation, such as hunting and fishing; there the progress of civilization may be traced; there may be seen the arts of the saddle, of the wheelwright, and of the potter; pictures of their exchange and of commerce, rustic scenes, marches of troops and a cause of the punishments in usage among them.—Each grotto is ornamented with ceilings, upon which are painted subjects of fancy, the design of which is exactly the same as that of the papers which fashion has caused to be adopted in France for the last thirty years.

The tombs of the kings are more than a mile from the river. They have been dug in the side, straight to the centre of the Lybian mountains; the path which conduces to them is frequently unknown, and they can be entered only by a forced passage. The plan of one of the tombs is sufficient to indicate the general dispositions of the others. Each grotto communicates with the side of the mountain by a large gate, this conduces to a gallery hollowed in the rock.—The breadth and height of this is generally twelve feet, its length to the second gate twenty paces. The second gate conduces to a second gallery of the same breadth and 24 paces long. To the right and left of

this, are chambers 5 feet broad by 6 deep. Here are found designs of arms, such as hatchets, pikes, javelins, bows, arrows, quivers, coats of mail, bucklers, instruments of labor, vases, trinkets of all kinds; and the details of preparing food are also there represented.—A third gallery follows this, its length and breadth are the same. It conduces to a hall along the level of the other apartments, which is eighteen feet square. This has a fifth gallery, the length of which is 28 paces. At the extremity there is a corridor of sixteen feet, it conduces to a saloon eleven feet square. From this there is a passage into a second hall of the same size, from which it is separated by a gallery of six feet. This ends in a saloon sustained by eight pillars, length, 25, breadth 20 paces. This hall contains the sarcophagus which encloses the mummy of the king. The Romans made attempts to bear away the sarcophagus from the grotto where it was deposited. They had begun to level the earth to facilitate the attempt, but they very soon gave up the enterprise. Near the hall of the sarcophagus, there is a second, 25 paces in breadth, by 40 in length. The height of the tomb is 7 feet, its length 8, and its breadth 6. The total of the gallery is 225 paces. The tombs of the kings are covered, in their whole extent, by pictures and hieroglyphics. The greatest part are represented in the fresh plastering, (*peints a fresque*). These pictures represent subjects and objects of the greatest oddness and fantasticalness, of which no idea could be obtained, except by observing the drawings of them.

It appears that here the Romans derived the idea of the grotesque, which their artists and painters endeavored to imitate during the second and third centuries of this empire. The researches in Herculaneum, have discovered a great number of pictures executed in this style. The most interesting grotto is that which contains the sarcophagus, still entire, and in its place; its length is 16 feet, its height 12, and its breadth 6; it preserves the covering upon which is the effigy of the king; it is of a single block of granite.

The surprise, occasioned by beholding this enormous mass at the extremity of a lane 200 paces in length, can no longer be limited, when it is considered that this block could not have been wrought on the spot. What difficulties must have opposed the transportation of a mass weighing many hundreds of thousands, through, the almost impassable passages of the mountain. Many human sacrifices are here observed. Two pictures were discovered, representing a man sowing seed, and children instantly springing up from this seed.

There is a tomb near Memnon, excavated at the base of a mountain, in the enclosure of which a number are found. The entrance to many is concealed; almost all have been. The Egyptians, who were faithful to worship, endeavored to conceal the knowledge of their tombs from conquerors, and from those who professed a different religion from their own. Two grottoes had never been finished. A third has been entirely deprived of its sepulchres, and some others still offer imperfect things. Here the magnificence of the Egyptian is displayed with the greatest grandeur. It must have required not less than the duration of the reign of one man, to undertake and accomplish a work of this kind, where only a very limited number of workmen could be employed at a time.

All the Egyptians, from the monarch to the subject, took the greatest care of the sepulchres, in the belief that their souls would, after many thousand years, come to re-inhabit the body, in case it should be preserved uncorrupted and entire; hence embalmments, and the position of sepulchres in places inaccessible to the inundations of the river. When the Arabs who regard the grottoes as the property of each family, discover that they can be visited by strangers, they put fire to the mummies, which they contain, to save them from the gaze of the curious. A few caverns remain untouched, but they are generally unknown to travellers.

"Their doors sealed up and silent as night,  
The dwellings of the illustrious dead."  
Cincinnati Chronicle.

#### THE LATE MRS. JORDAN.

The life of this unfortunate woman has recently appeared in England. The interest of the narrative is now revived by the accession of William IV. to the throne. Mrs. Jordan was a celebrated actress—young, beautiful and fascinating. She had of course many admirers; and among others the Duke of Clarence (the present King) fell in love with her, and made proposals for a connexion, in which she should be supported with all the pomp and splendor of the wife of a prince, but without the title. At this time she was receiving the constant attentions of a gentleman of the theatre to which she was attached. On receiving the Duke's proposals, she immediately applied to her other admirer to know whether he had any intention of mar-

rying her; for, said she, if I am to receive protection only, I must accept that proposal which is most liberal; but preferring the situation of wife to that of mistress, even of royalty, she pressed an answer to determine her at once. The gentleman declined marrying, and she then accepted the Duke's proposals, and went to live with him at his beautiful seat called Bosbury.

This connexion continued for twenty years with all the affectionate attachment of man and wife. And the result of it was a family of ten children. These children are represented to have been very interesting, and the mother and father both loved them with great tenderness.

Mrs. Jordan, during this connexion, received the same honors and attentions from the rest of the royal family and nobility as though she had been the actual wife of his bosom. At a splendid *fete*, given in honor of the Duke's birth-day—at which the Prince Regent, several other Dukes, the Lord Chancellor, and several ministers of state were present with attending bands of music, and every other circumstance tending to give enchantment to the scene—Mrs. Jordan was placed at the head of the table, next to the Prince Regent, and the Duke of Clarence was at the foot of the table. Such was the dazzling situation of this unfortunate woman, whose virtue was overcome by the allurements held up before her. She could not dream of clouds to obscure the sunshine that now surrounded her. She was raised high that her fall, her decline and her sorrow would be the greater and the more withering.

On a certain occasion she received a message from the Duke, desiring her presence. When she attended, it was to receive his *parting farewell*. He was about to leave her forever, and settle upon her a provision for her maintenance. Such was the strength of affection for the Duke, that she was overcome by this dreadful notice, and fainted several times.

It was agreed that she should bring up th four daughters, and was to receive 4,500*l.* pe annum for their maintenance, and a certain sum for herself, &c., but with a proviso that if she returned to the stage again, the daughters were to be taken from her and the allowance for them to cease. Some time after this separation she did return to the stage—giving as a reason, that as her own life would be short she wished to make some provision for the children she had by a former connexion. About this time she imprudently signed notes to a large amount to benefit a relative—and suddenly, claims to a faithful amount were brought against her and she was under continual apprehension of arrest. She concluded to go to France—and remained there an exile from her children on whom she so much doted. She never returned to England. In France she remained a victim of the deepest melancholy and despair. A mystery has always clouded the cause of her separation from the Duke of Clarence. And whether her present grief proceeded from a shameful neglect on his part, or from the dread of the creditors she had made by her unthoughtful generosity, has never been clearly known.—Certain it is, she lived in deserted seclusion. She had no attendants—none to console her. She appeared to be in poverty and yet had jewels about her of considerable amount. She occupied, alone, a room in a large dreary hotel, and this room she seldom left. It was here she was daily pining away with a grief that was heavy at her heart. This grief appeared to arise chiefly from a continued disappointment in not receiving some expected letters from England. She sent daily to the post—and her anxiety for the result drove her to madness; especially when no letter arrived. Her expectation for sometime had been of the most intense nature. On the last occasion of her sending, finding her messenger had returned without letters, she clasped her hands together, sunk back on the sofa—turned pale in the face—and in a few hours after, died of a broken heart.

Such is a brief sketch of this celebrated woman as far as our memory enables us to trace it—celebrated only, however, for her connexion with a man, who is now a King, and for whose frailties and misfortunes we cannot but feel the deepest compassion. As the history is affecting, the moral is more impressive—it is instructive to that sex whose weakness is so often overcome by the seductive arts of man—and it teaches that however exalted woman may become in the character of a mistress to the noble or the wealthy, it is but a frail and precarious elevation, from which she is sure to fall. The well known lines of Goldsmith are strikingly appropriate here:—

When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds too late that men betray,  
What charm can soothe her melancholy,  
What art can wipe her guilt away.

The only art her guilt to cover,  
To hide her shame from every eye,  
To give repentance to her lover,  
And wring his bosom, is to die.

## THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 19, 1831.

## CELESTIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## LETTER I.

Fumfum, The Moon, 11th Glimdong, }  
A. H. L. 5001. }

SIR,—Agreeably to my promise, before I left the earth, I sit down to give you some account of the principal occurrences of my journey, as well as my observations on men and things in this part of the universe. I am the first being, of flesh and blood, as you are aware, who has journeyed from the earth to the moon, with the solitary exception of that distinguished traveller, Jack, who many years ago, clomb up hither on a bean-stalk. The mode of travelling since his time has been amazingly improved; and to one accustomed to the rapid conveyances of the present day, it is marvellous how he could endure the fatigue of so long and so steep a journey, performed by such extraordinary means.

For my own part, though I came here in the aerial steamer, Comet, at the rate of three hundred miles an hour, I was almost killed with my journey. It should be confessed, however, that my weariness and exhaustion were not so much owing to the length of the way, as to the difficulty of keeping my breath in my body, my whole exertion being necessary to prevent its leaving me entirely. This was partly owing to the rapidity of the Comet, and partly to the scarcity of breathing materials in the Middle Region. My fellow-travellers suffered little or no inconvenience from these causes, owing to the rarer materials of which their persons were composed.

We met with no accident, worth mentioning on our journey, except that an opposition Steamer, called the Whirlwind, ran foul of the Comet, and did some little damage to her machinery; but not sufficient to detain her above half an hour. As for the captain of the Whirlwind, he got well paid for his carelessness or his temerity; for being of inferior workmanship, his steamer was totally staved to pieces; and himself, his passengers, and crew, were indebted to the kindness of Captain Thundergust of the Comet, for a passage to the Moon.

As I have just said no living being, except Jack, the celebrated traveller and myself ever journeyed from the earth to the Moon, you will doubtless feel a curiosity to know for what purpose regular lines of conveyance are established, and who were my fellow passengers on the journey. In order to satisfy your doubts on this head, I shall be obliged to touch upon a point in posthumous topography—to wit, the future residence of mankind.

Know, then, that the Sun, the Moon and the Stars, become the abodes of those who have left the earth; and that they are severally divided according to the dispositions they have shown, and the characters they have sustained, while inhabiting flesh and blood. Thus: lunatics and visionaries, are sent to the Moon; poets and men of genius are despatched to bask in the Sun; lovers and ladies' men are sent to the planet Venus; thieves and swindlers are appointed to dwell on the face of Mercury; Mars is allotted as the future habitation of termagants and warriors; Saturn, as the abode of persons of gloomy and unsocial habits; and so on, each of the planets and heavenly bodies being assigned as the dwelling place of some one of the many classes into which mankind are divided. With this explanation, you will be the better enabled to understand all such occurrences as may be related in the course of my correspondence.

Notwithstanding the exceeding difficulty of keeping my breath, during the passage, I arrived here in pretty good health, and am at this present writing, in excellent bodily condition, with the exception of a little remaining uneasiness of the chest, of which, however, my physician informs me I shall be perfectly free in a few days. *Mem.* Next time I travel this route, to follow the example of Ulysses, and take along with me a few bladders of air for my use during the journey—and especially in traversing the Middle Passage, which, as I hinted above, has a plentiful scarcity of the materials for breathing.

The principal town, and the seat of government here, is Fumfum. It is situated near the mouth of the river Rumflum, and is very large and regularly built. The main streets are laid out in circles, each enclosing the other like a nest of boxes. The capitol, which is a circular building, is placed in the centre; and the palace, or residence of the chief magistrate, together with the houses of the principal officers of government occupy the first, or inner circle. These concentric streets

are crossed by others, which extend every way like the radii of a wheel. The houses are mostly lofty, painted of a sea-green color, and glazed with moonshine.

But with all these external advantages, the city of Fumfum is by no means a desirable residence. Water is exceedingly scarce, and of a bad quality. There are no pumps, and the only method of obtaining water from the wells, is by descending a winding flight of stairs and dipping it up with a calabash. In justice, however, to the inhabitants of this city, it should be acknowledged that the corporation have been debating on the subject for the last seven hundred years. It is only a day or two ago that I heard the Glumbo, which officer answers to your Mayor, make an elegant speech on the subject. He was seconded by one or two of the Gumflippers, who answer to your aldermen; but the meeting broke up, pretty soon after supper, without coming to any conclusion on the matter. It is proposed to bring the water, by means of steam power, from the river Rumflum, which is pronounced to be of a very excellent quality, and perfectly free from any brackish taste. But the people say, especially those who are opposed to the present corporation, that it will never be done as long as that honorable body are provided with suppers at the public expense.

The want of water however is not the only inconvenience at Fumfum. The mode of cleaning the streets is both very troublesome and very inefficient. There are no scavengers—or rather every man is his own scavenger, and is obliged to walk, either personally or by proxy, through at least a mile of the streets every day; and whatever filth and mud he gathers on his feet and legs by this process, he is obliged to consign by ablation to the river Rumflum.

The government of the Moon is elective, the chief magistrate, who is called the Man in the Moon, being chosen once in fifty years. His power is very comprehensive, including not only the executive, but the legislative and judicial departments. When once elected, he is absolute, and no man dare say, why do ye so? He is, however, in some measure held in check by the prevalence of party, and usually does his best to make himself popular just before an election. The present Man in the Moon is now endeavoring to ingratiate himself with the people as much as he can, in order to secure the chair for another term. The next election is to take place in about fifteen years; and as there are only fourteen candidates in the field, his Potency is believed to stand a very fair chance for re-election.

The present Man in the Moon had an uncommonly rapid rise. He was sent hither from the earth in consequence of having spent forty years in attempting to invent the Perpetual Motion. He was looked at by the inhabitants of your planet, as a visionary and a madman; and is believed finally to have died of chagrin for the ill success of his favorite plan. But what was a matter of opprobrium on the earth, became his highest recommendation here. His name had preceded him; he was talked of as a lunatic of no ordinary capacity; and was chosen Glumbo of the city of Fumfum the day after his arrival. But this served only to awaken, not to satisfy, his ambition. He took up on the side of the people, as every man does who is desirous of power; and at the next election, was chosen Man in the Moon by a very handsome majority.

About a week after my arrival, I was honored by his Potency with an invitation to dinner. He is a man above the middling stature, of round physiognomy, light blue eyes, medium nose, a tolerable set of teeth, and the most expressive lips I ever beheld. He is at present rather inclined to corpulency, and is exceedingly bald—for which last misfortune he wears a wig. He still talks with great enthusiasm of his favorite project of the Perpetual Motion; and says he has no manner of doubt but that in a few thousand years it will be found out.

He introduced me to his three daughters, who, as lunacy is hereditary in the family, have one after another followed the old gentleman hither. One had died of a sonnet to the Moon, which an ungallant and cruel editor had refused a place in his poet's corner. The second had fallen a victim to a pair of whiskers of which she had failed to secure the possession accompanied by their owner. And the third died of mortification at being outdone in the size of her bonnet.

The company at the house of his Potency was very select, consisting only of such persons as had distinguished themselves for some extraordinary bearing while inhabitants of the earth; or those in whose families a long line of lunacy could be more unequivocally traced. His Potency did the honors of the table with uncommon grace; and as he helped me to a piece of a fine flutterbuck, a bird

in outward appearance much resembling your canvass-backs, he could not avoid recurring to his grand topic, the Perpetual Motion; and he assured me, that, had he succeeded to his wish, he had no doubt the aid of servants, and even the manual operation of carving, might now be entirely dispensed with—for that the machine itself would divide the meats, help the guests, change the plates, and perform all the services requisite on such occasions.

The dinner was excellent, and rendered still more delicious by the fine flavored conversation of the three daughters, between the two oldest of whom I had the honor of being seated. They seemed to vie with each other in their endeavors to entertain me; and between talking and eating, I had as much as I could well attend to. The drink consisted of a small liquor, called *lac luna*, or milk of the moon, which I think might among you be advantageously substituted for the A. T. burgundy, as instead of containing fourteen per cent of alcohol, it is perfectly free from the least mixture of that destructive principle. I wish you would mention this to the liquor dealers in New-York, and should they be in favor of the speculation, I have no doubt I could purchase a cargo on such terms that they could clear a hundred per cent; and I should charge but a trifling commission.

The *lac luna* has a delicious aromatic flavor, and is drank equally by both sexes. It is likewise used as a cosmetic by the fair, and as a wash by the gentlemen to promote the growth of whiskers; for though it removes all superfluous hairs from the face of the softer sex, it is at the same time abundantly efficacious in promoting the growth of beard on those of our own.

Dear sir, I have a thousand things to tell you, but the mail steamer is this moment ready to start, and I have only time to assure you that I am, as ever,

Yours entirely,  
PETER PENDERGRASS.

We very willingly give place to the following; for the species of fraud to which it relates is carried to a most shameful degree in this city. How far clerks and apprentices are chargeable with the guilt, without the direction, connivance or privity of their employers, we are not able to say.

## SHORT SHILLINGS.

MR. EDITOR,—As I have but a short time to live, I feel it my duty to employ some part of the little time that is left me in making confession of a series of petty frauds, by which I have been for a long time in the habit of injuring my fellow creatures. I refer to the practice of making change in what are called *short shillings*.

I have been, man and boy, employed for fourteen years as clerk, salesman, &c. in a retail establishment in this city, where a great deal of small change was handled. My employer was an upright man; and as I was not wanting in business habits, nor at least the outside show of honesty, he placed great confidence in my character. Taking advantage of these favorable circumstances, I contrived without his knowledge to defraud his customers, daily and hourly, of peace and half pence, until in the course of the fourteen years, I had thus amassed the sum of fourteen hundred dollars.

I took care never to be without plenty of *ten cent pieces*, which I procured by changing other money for them. These, I contrived, in my employer's absence, (which was no small part of the time) always to pay out in making change, at the rate of *ten pence* each; thus making four cents in every dollar. The customers sometimes grumbled, and insisted on having their exact change. I on the other hand insisted that I had given them the exact change; and as they were not generally disposed to quarrel for so small a matter, I pocketed the gains; and thus every day added something to my hoard, until, as I said above, I had amassed the sum of fourteen hundred dollars.

With this sum, in connexion with another clerk, who had amassed nearly as much by the like means, I was about establishing myself in business, when I was seized with a consumption, which is now fast hastening me to the grave. But as confession without restitution is of no avail, I have given directions in my will for the just disposal of my ill-gotten gains. It is true, I cannot at this late period do exact justice, by restoring to the several individuals what I took from them respectively; and as that is out of the question, I have in my will directed the entire sum to be vested in the hands of trustees for the use of the poor, from whom I grieve to say no small share of it has been taken.

I wish other clerks, who are engaged in the like petty frauds, would read this, and forsake their evil ways. I wish honest employers would read this, and look to the management of their appren-

tices and clerks. And, finally, I wish all manner of persons, who are in the vile habit of making change in *short shillings*, would read this, and abhor themselves for their want of honesty. A man, who will cheat in little things, will cheat in great; and there is no difference in principle between the state-prison rogue and the short-shilling cheat.

Mr. Editor, by printing this, you will render a service to the public, and confer a favor on their now repenting and

very humble servant

CHARLES CLERKWIT.

**DISCOVERY AND ADVENTURE.** The work on Africa, which we mentioned last week, as just published by the Messrs. Harpers, we find on perusal to be a valuable compend of what has thus far been discovered of that dark and cheerless region. It is collected from travellers of the earliest times down to the present; and embodies in a single volume of moderate size, an account of the various expeditions, and of the fate of their bold and enterprising authors, nearly all of whom have perished in their attempts to explore the interior of Africa. An inhospitable climate and still more inhospitable men, have rendered it almost certain death to attempt penetrating this interior; and it is melancholy to reflect how many fine spirited men have laid down their lives in the undertaking. Still Africa is in a great measure unexplored. The outlet of the Niger is yet a matter of doubt, in spite of all the attempts made to ascertain that point. Conjecture has indeed identified it with that of the river Benue; but other conjectures on the contrary have fixed on the lake Tchad as the probable receptacle.

Though these many expeditions have failed in some of the principal objects of their undertaking, they have nevertheless furnished a variety of interesting particulars respecting the soil, climate, productions, &c. of the regions travelled over; as well as a view of the manners, customs and condition of the inhabitants.

**"STONINGTON."** The Stonington Phoenix accuses us of having "stolen" an article with the above caption. Now "stolen" is "an ill phrase"—"a vile phrase." (SHAK.) But that the Phoenix may know from whence the article came, and that justice, though tardy, may be done to the author, we will just mention that we took the article from the Camden Journal—that source of good things—and marked it with the name of the paper, as we invariably mark all extracts taken from the original publication. That it was printed without credit, must have been owing to an oversight of the proof reader of the Constellation. We make it a principle to take nothing without credit, (when we can ascertain the source) though it be but a single line. An equally scrupulous adherence to justice, on the part of others, would not exhibit whole columns taken from us, as is now frequently the case, without a hint of the source from whence they are obtained.

**ATLANTES.** Herodotus relates of the Atlantes, an ancient tribe of Africa, that they had no proper names; that they neither eat animal food nor dreamed dreams; and that on seeing the sun rise, they called him any thing but a clever fellow, for burning and destroying their land. *Inference:* If the abstaining from animal food prevents dreams, then doubtless, on the other hand, the eating of animal food causes all those troublesome affections that disturb one's slumbering moments and especially the night-mare.

**A KINGLY PRESENT.** Ibn Batuta, a learned Arabian traveller, who explored much of Africa, in the fourteenth century, mentions a flourishing place called Mali, to the South of Timbuctoo.—But he complains of the narrow bounty of a Potentate in this district. After waiting upon his majesty, he was informed that a present was on his way to him, and he feasted his imagination on the idea of some rich dress or golden ornament; instead of which the whole consisted of a crust of bread, a dried fish, and sour milk.

**AFRICAN IDEAS OF BEAUTY.** Mungo Park relates, that the ladies of Boudou, after a careful survey approved of his external appearance, with the exception of the two deformities of a white skin and a high nose; but for these they were kindly disposed to make allowance, being as they believed produced by the false taste of his mother who had bathed him in milk when young, and by pinching his nose, raised it to its present absurd height.

**UNEQUAL DIVISION.** In Massachusetts there are 14,000 more females than males; while in Ohio, on the other hand, there are 30,000 more males than females.—Would it not be well enough for the two States to negotiate an exchange of a few thousand? The bachelors of Ohio and the maidens of Massachusetts would doubtless go heart and hand for the measure.

**A FINE PLACE FOR AUTHORS.** Leo Africanus, who travelled in the interior of Africa in the sixteenth century, says that Literature was cultivated with ardor at Timbuctoo, and that Manuscripts bore a higher price than any other commodity.



**ANECDOTE.** Four gentlemen of this city, the other evening sat down to a rubber of whist for an oyster supper—or as they expressed it, for as many oysters as they could eat. One of the gentlemen, on the winning side, was no slouch at a meal of shell fish, and could swallow a dozen after dozen without the least remorse or satiety—as will appear in the sequel.

The rubber was ended, and the gentlemen adjourned to a restaurateur to enjoy the oysters. The hearty gentleman set the example of a good appetite, and the others, not to be outdone, followed suit as well as they were able. The oyster knife and stewpan were kept in active operation, and plentiful after plentiful disappeared with remarkable celerity. At last, however, a majority of the party began to give out, and as the voracious gentleman, who still continued his operations, insisted on his fellow winner taking a few oysters more, the latter cried in the words of Macbeth, "Hold! enough!"—"Why, really," said one of the losers, with well grounded apprehension for his pockets, "I think he does hold enough."

**ECCENTRICITY—WHISPERING.** A rather singular case of slander was lately decided in this city, wherein John Baker, Jun. recovered of Alexander T. Stewart one thousand dollars for having accused his wife, Anna Maria, of stealing goods from the said Stewart's store in Broadway. The case was perfectly clear in favor of the injured lady; but in bringing some evidence as a palliation for the unjust charge, the defendant introduced a witness who testified that Mrs. Baker was eccentric; and on being desired to state what he meant by this eccentricity, he said she sometimes *whispered* her husband at table.

Now this is about as sage a conclusion as we ever met withal. Whispering at table, or indeed any where else, is a vile practice; but if every woman that whispers is to be considered eccentric, and every eccentric person a thief, what a condition the world must be in!

**A "MOST LEARNED JUDGE."** A Judge of one of the County Courts, up the river, was aboard of one of the steam-boats, when some person happened to light a cigar with a phosphoric match. This was rather a wonder to some of the country passengers, who had never before seen fire so produced; and a discussion took place as to the mode by which it was effected. Some said that the match and the contents of the accompanying vial were composed of one thing, and some another; but no two could agree on the same point. The dispute was beginning to run high, when the Judge, putting on one of those knowing looks with which he was accustomed to decide a cause, said—"Gentlemen, you are all in the wrong—your ignorance is unaccountable. I can tell you the nature of that fare—it is *far-fire*."

**A GREATER MAN THAN SOLOMON.** The black princes of Africa estimate their power and greatness by the number of wives they possess. His majesty, the king of Yarriba, boasted to Captain Clapperton, "that his wives, linked hand in hand, would reach entirely across his kingdom." On this principle he was a far greater man than Solomon, for the wives of the latter, including concubines and all, would not reach a mile.

**TANCRED.** Mr. Stone's tragedy of Tancred was played at the Park for the first time, on Wednesday evening. As a composition it is more finished than Metamora; but as an acting play, it is not likely to be so popular. It however went off remarkably well for a first representation—especially, when we take into consideration the discouragement of a thin house, the weather being rainy and unpleasant. The principal female part was very well sustained by Mrs. Barnes; and the chief male characters by Messrs. Simpson and Barry. The play ends well, strict poetical justice being done, to the satisfaction of the audience.

**A STOP WATCH.** "What time of day is it, Sambo?"

"Wy, I don't know, massa, wat time he be."

"Don't know?" why, you have got a watch in your pocket, and can look."

"Yes, massa—but recollect he's a stop-watch."

**SIAMESE TWINS.** By this caption we do not mean the boys who have figured so largely in this country and England for a year or two past—but a Poem, so entitled, written by the author of Pelham, Paul Clifford, &c. It has just been published by Messrs. J. & J. Harper. We have not time now to say more than that it is handsomely printed on stereotype; and that as far as we have been able to glance at its pages, we think it will be found to excel in the satirical, the humorous and descriptive.

**COMPARATIVE PAUPERISM.** In England, about 1 person to 11, on an average, is a pauper. In Massachusetts, 1 to every 68; in New-York, 1 to every 220; and in the interior of Pennsylvania, where the poor-house system prevails, 1 to every 339.

**STUDYING THE KORAN.** Many of the Mussulmans of Africa have no other mode of studying the Koran, than to have the characters written with a black substance on a piece of board, and then wash them off and drink the water.

**THE DRAMA.** In a work, entitled, A Defence of the Drama, it is stated that there is no instance on record of a Stage-player suffering a shameful and ignominious death.

We assure our friend of the Baltimore Minerva, that the Constellation is invariably and regularly forwarded for his office.

**Agitation Wit.** The following is an extract from a speech reported to have been delivered at a *dis-union* agitation meeting, at a place called Phippsborough, near Dublin, by a Mr. Steele, one of Mr. O'Connell's sub-agitators:—

"I think it is from this spot an Irishman ought to record his sentiments respecting Anglesey—let him hear it from this place—I write it, Anglesey, the liar—(cheers, bravo, Steele.) I once called him the flower of chivalry, the august Anglesey. Yes, I thought him one of the noblest beings that ornamented human nature; but I now wish it to be recorded that I now entertain the greatest indignation and contempt for him; the absolute Anglesey, the despot, and the disgrace of his country. I don't know whether any of his agents are listening to me—I don't care. I wish he were present, that I might tell it to his face. There is Solomon Stanley, his Secretary; do you know how he got the name of Solomon? I told it before on Monday, in the Arena, and with your permission will again relate it—(Go on, tell it out, Steele.) The story goes—I do not know it from myself—when he was in College, employed in reading "Cobbett's English Grammar," he had a half-starved cat in his room, and a pound of mutton chops, which he intended for his dinner, was stolen. He questioned the maid about it, who left it on the cat; upon which Stanley took the cat by the scruff of the neck to the next cheesemonger's shop, weighed it, and finding the cat, who was accused of eating the pound of chops, did not altogether weigh half a pound, by this ingenious device detected the theft of the servant-maid. Such is the man Anglesey selects to assist him in governing Ireland."

**Roman Liberty.** We are informed says the Albany Daily Advertiser, that letters have been received from the Right Rev. Bishop Dubois, Catholic Bishop of New York, stating that he had received from the Pope (lately deceased) the sum of ten thousand crowns, towards building a college on the Hudson river. The contemplated college will cost, as is estimated about \$100,000.

"How do you do, Cuff?" said a colored gemman to one of his *crow-nies* the other day: "Why you no come to see a feller? If I lib as near you, as you do to me, I'd come to see you every day." "O caus," replied smut, "my wife patch my trowserloos so all to pieces, I shamed to go no wheres."

On the gate of the ancient imperial palace, at Vienna, were inscribed the five vowels, *a, e, i, o, u*, which many travellers have been at a loss to interpret. This singular inscription, it is believed, was originally intended for the initials of the following bombastic vaunt, in honor of the house of Austria: "Austriacorum est Imperare orbi universo."

A late number of the Ladies Magazine contains the following paragraphs, which in our humble apprehension, embody lessons of truth that outweigh a thousand theories.

Boston Transcript.

"Man might be initiated into the varieties and mysteries of needle work; taught to have patience with the feebleness and waywardness of infancy, and to steal with noiseless steps about the chamber of the sick, and woman might be instructed to contend for the palm of science, to pour forth eloquence in senates, or to 'wade through fields of slaughter to a throne.' Yet revolting of the soul would attend this violence to nature; this abuse of physical and intellectual energy; while the beauty of social order would be defaced, and the fountains of earth's felicity broken up."

"We arrive therefore at the conclusion, the sexes are intended for different spheres, and constructed in conformity to their respective destinations, by him who bids the Oak 'brave the fury of the tempest, and the Alpine flower lean its cheek on the bosom of eternal snows.' But disparity does not necessarily imply inferiority. The high places of the earth with their pomp and glory, are indeed accessible only to the march of ambition, or the grasp of power, yet those who pass with faithful and unapplauded zeal through their humble round of duty, are not unnoticed by the 'Great Task-master's eye,' and their endowments though accounted poverty among men, may prove durable riches in the kingdom of Heaven."

#### A BOY'S SONG.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

Where the pools are bright and deep,  
Where the grey trout lies asleep,  
Up the river and o'er the lea,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,  
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,  
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the clearest,  
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,  
There to trace the homeward bee,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,  
Where the shadow falls the deepest,  
Where the clustering nuts fall free,  
That's the way for Bill and me.

Why the boys should drive away  
Little sweet maidens from the play,  
Or love to batten and fight so well,  
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know I love to play,  
Through the meadow, among the hay;  
Up the water and o'er the lea,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Remembrance, for 1831.

Of all cheap things that in the end prove dear, *Razors* and *School Masters* are the most abominable.—One will mangle your flesh and the other will mangle the education and morals of your children. In too many neighborhoods, the price, and not the qualifications of a master, is looked at.

#### ON A COMPOSITOR.

No more shall copy had perplex my brain;  
No more shall type's small face my eye-balls strain;  
No more the proof's foul page create me troubles;  
By errors, transpositions, cuts and doubles;  
No more to overran shall I begin;  
No more be driving out or taking in;  
The stubborn Pressman's frown I now bescoff;  
Revised, corrected, finally worked off.

In memory of a Clerk's son, Devonshire, Eng. killed by the fall of a piece of office:

Bless my i, i, i, i, i, i,  
Here he lies,  
In a sad pickle,  
Killed by an icicle,  
In the year Anno domini, 1717

**Eating Match.** A short time ago there was a famous eating match at a village in Yorkshire, between two men named Gubbins and Muggins, which caused a great deal of interest in the neighborhood; a countryman, leaving the place a little before the match was stopped by almost every one on the road with "Who beats?" "How does the match get on?" &c. to which he answered, "Why, I don't exactly know; they say Gubbins'll get it, but I think Muggins'll beat him for when I left he was only two geese and one turkey behind."

**Folly.** Sir Joshua Reynolds being asked how he would personate Folly, in a painting, replied that he would represent a man climbing over a wall, at the risk of his neck, with an open gate close by, thro' which he might walk with ease and safety.

Folly's son a thousand times  
Over the wall of danger climbs:  
"Let the door!" Experience cries;  
"Let me mount," the fool replies;  
Yet once more climbs—he falls and dies.

At Philadelphia, Madame Hutin, on Monday, drew an exclamation of applause, probably from a Western gentleman, which amused his neighbors not a little. He looked on in silent wonder till she began to whirl in a *pirouette*, when he shouted out—"There she goes—the whole hog!"

N. Y. Gazette.

**Anecdote of Sir T. Lawrence.** A Lady once asked him the reason why he had so long ceased to play at billiards, the only game he was fond of, and at which he so greatly excelled. His reply was full of character, "My dear Mrs. —," he replied, "although I never played for money myself, my play attracted much attention, and occasioned many and often high bets. Next to gambling yourself is the vice of encouraging it in others; and, as I could not check the betting, I have given up my amusement. I have not played a game for many years. The last time I was in a billiard-room was a few years ago, who should casually come in, but the Duke of Wellington! We had often played together, and with nearly equal success. We agreed to have a match; but we were both so out of practice, that, after a few strokes, we could not help smiling at each other, and we laid down the cues." Annual Obituary.

We find in the Western Times, published in Centerville, Indiana, the following account:

**Distressing!** "We were informed a few days since, by a gentleman traveller, from the west, that during the severe weather, a man about 45 years of age, his wife, six children, and four horses, were frozen to death on the great prairie, in Illinois.—When discovered, the mother lay with a small child in her arms—*five other children around her*—the father, with an axe and flint in his hands, as if he had been trying to strike fire—a part of his wagon was cut into small pieces for kindling, and all the horses in a heap, stiff in their harness. The name of the unfortunate family, or where they were from, was not ascertained when our informant passed along."

Lord Bacon hath the secret of prosperity in communities in a brief compass. He says, "there are but three things which one nation selleth to another,—the commodity as it is yielded by nature; the manufacture and the *recture*, or carriages; so, says he, if these three wheels go, wealth will flow as a spring-tide." V. vol. I. Another writer says:—

"Let the earth have cultivation,  
Let its produce have creation—  
Let the seas give circulation,  
And you build a mighty nation."

We say the same, more to the purpose and more briefly, in one of our favorite mottoes:—"Agriculture, Commerce, and Manufactures." After all, these are the three great levers, which must be employed in the great ends of society, liberty, prosperity and security.

Charleston City Gazette.

**Who are the Savages?** A gentleman was recently passing through the Indian Country, in company with several others. In crossing a river, his pocket-book, containing 5000 dollars in bills, was soaked through with the water. On arriving at the next Indian dwelling, he stopped, and the men and women carefully spread out the bills, and when they were thoroughly dried, returned him every dollar. Soon after, the company came near the white settlements, and were attacked by a gang of white persons, who attempted to take their horses from them; and it was only by deceiving the whites by a stratagem till they got past them, and putting spurs to their horses, that they escaped.

**The First Man Stealer.** John de Castile has the infamy of standing first on the list of those whose villainies have disgraced the annals of commerce.—Having made a voyage to the Canaries in 1447, he was dissatisfied with the cargo he procured, and by way of indemnification ungratefully seized twenty of the natives of Gomera, who had assisted him, and brought them as slaves to Portugal. Prince Henry, however, repented this outrage; and after giving the captives some valuable presents of clothes, restored them to freedom and their native country.

**Poetical Anecdote.** Kelly, the Irish Poet, some time ago called on the Mayor of Limerick, to subscribe to one of his works. His worship met him at the door of his office, just alighted from an old cropt horse. After a few interrogations on the contents of the volume, his worship hesitated on signing the list, and made a pert remark on the old nag. "Well," said our poetical hero, addressing *ould raw-bone*—

"Cheer up, old horse, and don't despair—  
For you'll be horse when he wont be mare."

The reply suited the purpose admirably well, as the corporated gentleman signed, both for himself and her ladyship.

**Singular Fact.** There are now residing on Crane Island in the St. Lawrence, two families in the same house; of which the Father of one is brother to the mother of the other.—Each family has five children—in one are sons, and all are deaf and dumb; in the other all are daughters, and all deaf and dumb; all cousins, and all persons who are thus related.

## POETRY.

## THE SUPPER SUPERSTITION.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

"'Twas twelve o'clock by Chelsea chiming,  
When all in hungry trim,  
Good Mister Jupp sat down to sup,  
With wife, and Kate, and Jim.

Said he, "upon this dainty cod  
How bravely I shall sup!"  
When, whiter than a table-cloth,  
A ghost came rising up!

"O, father dear, O, mother dear,  
Dear Kate, and brother Jim—  
You know when some one went to sea—  
Don't cry—but I am him!

You hope some day with fond embrace,  
To greet your absent Jack;  
But, oh, I am come here to say  
I'm never coming back!

From Alexandria we set sail,  
With corn, and oil, and figs;  
But steering too much South, we struck  
Upon the Sow and Pigs!

The ship we pump'd till we could see  
Old England from the top;  
When down she went with all our hands,  
Right in the Channel's chop!

Just give a look in Nore's chart,  
The very place it tells;  
I think it says twelve fathom deep,  
Clay bottom, mix'd with shells.

Well, there we are till "hands aloft,"  
We have at last a call;  
The tug I had for brother Jim,  
Kate's parrot, too, and all.

But oh! my spirit cannot rest  
In Davy Jones's sod,  
Till I appear'd to you and said—  
Don't sup on that cod!

You live on land, and little think  
What passes in the sea;  
Last Sunday week, at 2 P. M.,  
That cod was picking me!

Those oysters, too, that look so plump,  
And seem so nicely done,  
They put my corpse in many shells,  
Instead of only one.

O, do not eat those oysters then,  
And do not touch the shrimps;  
When I was in my briny grave,  
They suck'd my blood like imps!

Don't eat what brutes would never eat,  
The brutes I used to put;  
They'll know the smell they used to smell—  
Just try the dog and cat!

The spirit died; they wept his fate,  
And cried, alack, alack!  
At last up started brother Jim—  
"Let's try it Jack was Jack!"

They called the dog, they called the cat,  
And little kitten too;  
And down they put the cod and sauce,  
To see what brute could do.

Old tray lick'd all the oysters up,  
Puss never stood at crimps,  
But munch'd the cod—and little Kit  
Quite feasted on the shrimps!

The thing was odd, and minus cod  
And sauce they stood like posts;  
O, prudent folks, for fear of hoax,  
Put no belief in ghosts!"

FROM HOOD'S GHOST ANNUAL.  
EPICURIAN REMINISCENCES OF A  
SENTIMENTALIST.

'Twas at Christmas I think, when I met with Miss  
Chase,  
Yes, for Morris had asked me to dine,—  
And I thought I had never beheld such a face,  
Or so noble a turkey and chine.

Placed close by her side, it made others quite wild  
With sheer envy to witness my luck,  
How she blushed as I gave her some turtle and snail  
As I afterwards offered some duck.

I looked and I languish'd, alas! to my cost,  
Through three courses of dishes and meats;  
Getting deeper in love—but my heart was quite lost,  
When it came to the trifle and sweets!

With a rent-roll that told of my houses and land,  
To her parents I told my designs;  
And then to herself I presented my hand,  
With a very fine pottle of pines!

I asked her to have me for weal or for woe,  
And she did not object in the least;  
I can't tell the date—but we married, I know  
Just in time to have game at the feast.

We went to—, it certainly was the sea side,  
For the next, the most blessed of morns,  
I remember how fondly I gazed at my bride,  
Sitting down to a plateful of prawns.

I never may mem'ry lose sight of that year,  
But still hallow the time as it ought,  
That season the grass was remarkably dear,  
And the peas at a guinea a quart!

So happy, like hours, our days seem'd to baste,  
A fond pair, such as poets have drawn,  
So united in heart—so congenial in taste,  
We were both of us partial to brawn!

A long life I look'd for of bliss with my bride,  
But then Death; I ne'er dreamt about that!  
Oh, there's nothing is certain in life, as I cried,  
When my turbot eloped with the cat!

My dearest took ill at the turn of the year,  
But the cause no physician could nab;  
But something it seem'd like consumption, I fear,  
It was just after supping on crab.

In vain she was doctor'd, in vain she was dosed,  
Still her strength and her appetite pined,  
She lost relish for what she had relish the most,  
Even Salmon she deeply declined!

For months still I linger'd in hope and in doubt,  
While her form it grew wasted and thin;  
But the last dying spark of existence went out,  
As the oysters were just coming in!

She died, and she left me the saddest of men!  
To indulge in a widower's moan,  
Oh, I felt all the powers of solitude then,  
As I ate my first natives alone!

But when I beheld Virtue's friends in their cloaks,  
And with sorrowful crape on their hats,  
O my grief pour'd a flood; and the out-of-door folks  
Were all crying—I think it was grats!

FROM THE BOSTON AMATEUR.

Sweet Master Burke have you left us for ever now!  
Arrah, come back, do, and play to us joy;  
Why you should have us I cannot discover, now,  
And bother our hearts so, you beautiful boy.

We've shouted to cheer ye, and clapt ye my dear,  
In Terence O'Leary while singing your song;  
And now you have left us; of pleasure bereft us;  
But ere you back again, don't make it long.

Sweet Master Burke, have ye left us for ever now?  
Arrah, come back, do, and play to us joy;  
Why ye should have us I cannot discover now,  
Both ring our hearts so, ye beautiful boy.

When ye come back don't forget your shillelagh;  
Tip us a speck with your honey-sweet clack,  
Dance us your hornpipe, a brisk little sailor sh!  
Sing with your elegant music "O! whack!"

In Looney Mac Twalter you'll give us the brogue  
again,  
As Handy beater firsikin your wife;  
Och! you'll play Richard you dear little rogue again.

Stann'ring to Ratchile "a horse!" for your life,  
Sweet Master Burke, have ye left us for ever now?  
Arrah, come back, do, and play to us joy;  
Why ye should have us I cannot discover now!

Both ring our hearts so, ye beautiful boy.

For you, Master Burke, we have showered our money  
oh!  
Shut in our pockets when bigger men played;  
Then come and we'll give ye a benefit, honey, oh!

And double the money you've already made,  
Come back with your daddy, you sweet little Paddy,  
And tip us one smile of your beautiful life;  
The evening is going; there'll be no more showing;

Then pass, before Southward you're taking a trip,  
Sweet Master Burke, have ye left us for ever now?  
Arrah, come back, do, and play to us joy;  
Why ye should have us I cannot discover now,

Both ring our hearts so, ye beautiful boy.

## VARIETY.

Anecdote of Lord Byron. Mr. Millingen, in his forthcoming work on Greece, gives an exceedingly minute account of the noble poet. He informs us that he always wore gloves, drank green tea and gin profusely; and of his self-indulgence, where his appetite was inclined to risk his figure, gives the following example:—"On dinner being served up, although several dishes of meat were upon the table, Lord Byron did not partake of any; his custom being to eat meat only once a month. Soup, a few vegetables, a considerable portion of English cheese, with some fried crusts of bread and fruit, constituted his daily fare. He ate with great rapidity, and drank freely. There happened to be on the table a roasted capon, the good looks of which so powerfully tempted him, that, after wistfully eyeing it, he was on the point of taking a leg; but suddenly recollecting the rule he had imposed on himself, he left it in the dish, desiring his servant to let the capon be kept till the next day, when his month would be out." The anecdote we subjoin are the newest we can find; the last days of Byron's life having been so repeatedly before the public. "During the earlier part of his youth, his then very limited revenues were soon exhausted by his extravagant expenses in London, and especially by his frequenting the gaming houses. He had borrowed so much from the usurers, that none were to be found humane enough to advance him any farther sum, at whatever interest he offered. One morning, after a sleepless night, spent at one of those establishments, in which he had lost all his money, he heard a coach stop before his lodgings, and soon after saw a lady of rank, who had given him proofs of the most ardent attachment, enter his room. She held a small casket in her hand, and, on depositing it on the table, told him that, hearing of the pecuniary misfortunes he had met with, and fearing he might find himself in embarrassed circumstances, she had brought him all her jewels and money, and requested he would accept them as proofs of her affection. "Go, and take back with you," said Lord B. sternly, "your trinkets and money. I am not a man to be imposed upon by cant; and you know full well that you would never have brought such things to me had you supposed me vile enough to accept them." Mention being once made before him of the frequent errors of judgment into which a person may be led by the appearances of physiognomy, he observed, "You are young men, and may, therefore, have occasion to derive benefit from this precept of mine: never give your entire faith to any one whose eyes are grey." On its being remarked to him, that his own were of that very color, he added, "Do you think I consider myself an exception to this, I might say, universal rule? It would have been well for many, who have had to deal with me, had they been guided by it."

Why is a man, disappointed in obtaining a kiss, like a shipwrecked fisherman? Because he has lost his smack.

Servian Patriotism. On the day of the dissolution of the National Assembly of Servia, Prince Milosh took occasion to read the deputies a lesson on their civic duties, during which he introduced the following remarkable instance of self-devotion of parental feelings to the public good:—"Though few of you," said he, "have not frequently afforded unequivocal proofs of your patriotism, yet there is one example of eminent virtue, which Mility Jevanowitch has displayed for our mutual emulation, that deserves to be publicly known." (At these words, he presented to them a common peasant from the district of Semendria, whose age might be about fifty.) "This man had only one son, who, in conjunction with two youths, murdered a stranger five years ago, and threw the body into the Morava.—Out of the money found on the stranger's person, Mility's son received for his share eighteen piastres, (between five and six shillings) and a brace of pistols. He buried both in order to avoid any inquiry on his father's part; and shortly afterwards one of his companions fell ill and died, whilst the other was drowned in the Morava. The murder remained a secret to every one but Mility's son. After a lapse of years, during which there was no inquiry after the murdered, nor any finding of his body, and by the death of the accessories, every chance of discovery was removed, Mility's son dug up the arms and money, and bringing them home, was so closely questioned by his parent, that he at length revealed the dreadful secret to him. However impossible it was that the bare suspicion of it should be apprehended, the father instantly discerned the path which duty prescribed. He bound the murderer, and delivering him over to the hand of justice, said, with a quivering lip, "This is my son, my only child! We have all sworn to be true to our rulers and our prince, and not to endure the presence of a wicked being amongst us. My son is a murderer; let the ends of justice be consummated!—Upon this virtuous parent have I bestowed the life of his child." Before the National Assembly of Servia separated, Prince Milosh was enthusiastically elected Sovereign Prince of his native land, with descent of the dignity to his male heirs. He appears to have deserved this high honor by his long years of faithful services, and there can be little doubt that Mahmud will confirm the election; for it is quite in unison with the wishes of Nicholas.

Force of Habit. We had a friend once, a generous open hearted fellow. He loved every thing that gave a zest to life, and its little pleasures and pastimes were to him all as diamonds scattered over a barren and rugged soil. When any thing worthy of a laugh transpired, he was sure to roar out and exclaim "Well, there's some fun in this life yet!"—He became so habituated to this mode of expressing his gratification, that he frequently used it in the wrong place. He once saw an Alderman thrown neatly into a pool of mud by a truant boy, with her litter of eleven pigs, when his first exclamation was, "well, there's some fun in this life yet." In the course of time, his feelings increased, and he became enamored of a very pretty girl, with a handsome property—he was married to her, and as he placed the ring upon her fair finger, he exclaimed, "well, there's some fun in this life yet." About a year after her marriage, she took it into her head to die—our friend received the news as he was writing a sonnet to the Moon. "Well," said he, "there's some fun in this life yet." The story can soon be brought to a tragical end—his love of fun, frolic and poetry, clapped an extinguisher upon the blaze of his fortune—his money passed away, how, he knew not; yet without a shilling in his pocket, he exclaimed, "there's some fun in this life yet." With all his philosophy, he could not beat down the thorns that cluster in the path of life; sickness, but not sorrow, overtook him, and he breathed his last, as poor as a church mouse, muttering "Well, there's some fun in this life yet."

Baltimore Minerva.

During the late war with Great Britain, (before Spence Patterson was Commissioner of streets, and when the water, at every Spring thaw, settled at the junction of Cornhill and Court street, so as to render passing with dry feet absolutely impracticable,) a dashing belle who is now a good wife and an affectionate mother, found her progress suddenly arrested, as she passed down Court street, by a flood which prevented her passage to the opposite side-walk. She paused to consider her situation, and was anxiously looking toward the desired haven, when an honest Tar, with a canvas hat and blue ribbon bearing the name of the "U. S. Frigate Constitution," bore up and reconnoitered her position. Without any apology, or land-lubberly ceremony, he encircled her waist with his muscular arm, and wading knee deep through the water, landed Lady Sensitive on the opposite shore. More vexed than grateful, our belle curled her pretty lip and said, "You are an impudent fellow, Sir." "Belay that my dear!" said Jack, "By the powers, I'll make all fast again." "Suing the action to the word," he lifted her the second time, and refording the stream, placed her safely again where he first found her, observing with a good natured laugh, "An ye love your moorings so well, hearty, smoke my binnacle but you may lay anchored there to eternity."

The above is a "true bill." The Lady has grown wiser and less sensitive since this lecture upon squeamishness was read to her, and now often amuses her friends by relating the anecdote.

Boston Transcript.

When David Garrick was told by any tyro in the art that he thought of acting *Hamlet*, he used to turn his piercing eyes quickly upon the candidate and favor him with a question of surprise—"Eh! How! What! *Hamlet* the Dane?"

Queen-square. An old man, named Richard Barton, was charged on suspicion of having a number of stolen dogs and dog-collars in his possession.

It may be recollected, that last week two women and a lad were apprehended at a house in a court in St. Ann's-Lane, Westminster. A number of dogs of every description were found in the house, together with some skins; in the upper room was a regular gallows for hanging the dogs, for the sake of the skins, and in a cellar were found a number of dead dogs skinned. It was suspected that a more extensive system of dog stealing had been carried on than was first imagined, and that the depot in St. Ann's-Lane was only one of the branches of the establishment. On searching the house of the prisoner Barton, at No. 5, Pettifield-court, an obscure place, without a thoroughfare, in Drury-court, Strand, dogs were found in every room in the house from the cellar to the garret. The stench was so dreadful that it was almost impossible to enter the place. The constables were instantly accommodated with lights by the neighbors, who appeared pleased with the search, for the nuisance had become so great that it was wonderful that a pestilence was not created in the neighborhood. The poor animals were most of them chained to the wall, and as thin as laths from starvation. Many of them had become so ferocious from hunger that they flew at the officers. Between 20 and 30 dogs were taken to the stationhouse at Westminster. The poor animals were so weak that two of them died on the road, and several others were placed before the fire unable to stand. Among the animals was a remarkably fine Newfoundland dog, but the bones were nearly coming through the skin; several beautiful spaniels—some of the Marlborough breed, almost starved to death, and also some bull-dogs. Between 10 and 50 brass collars were also produced.

Mr. Hancock, landlord of the White Hart, King's road, Chelsea, identified a Newfoundland dog, which was stolen from him in November last. The poor animal was so wasted from starvation, that it was only identified by a private mark on its side.

The servant of Mr. Mullinson, of Queen-street, Mary-le-bone, identified a white terrier, which was stolen from his master about two months ago.

Edward Collins, of 5, Windsor-place, Tophill-fields, identified a Blenheim spaniel.

Barton, in his defence, said he bought the Newfoundland dog and the terrier, and the spaniel he bred himself.

Mr. Gregorie said he should fine the defendant 20l. and the value of the three dogs, making in the whole 60l., or order him to be imprisoned for eighteen months—six months on each charge. The worthy Magistrate also directed, that if the fines were paid the prisoner should be brought before him again for stealing the dogs' collars.

There are still upwards of twenty dogs to be owned. English paper.

Experiments of the Indians to prove whether the Spaniards were mortal. The poor Indians soon found the difference between the Spaniards as guests, and the Spaniards as masters. They were driven to despair by the heavy tasks imposed upon them; for to their free spirits and indolent habits, restraint and labor were worse than death. Many of the most hardy and daring proposed a general insurrection, and a massacre of their oppressors; the great mass, however, were deterred by the belief that the Spaniards were supernatural beings and could not be killed. A shrewd and sceptical cacique, named Bravon, determined immediately to put their immortality to the test. Hearing that a young Spaniard, named Salzedo, was passing through his lands, he sent a party of his subjects to escort him, giving them directions how they were to act. On coming to a river, they took Salzedo on their shoulders to carry him across, but, when in the midst of the stream, they let him fall, and throwing themselves upon him, pressed him under the water until he was drowned. Then dragged his body to the shore, and still doubting his being dead, they wept and howled over him, making a thousand apologies for having fallen upon him and kept him so long beneath the surface. The cacique Bravon came to examine the body and pronounced it lifeless; but the Indians still fearing it might possess lurking immortality and ultimately revive, kept watch over it for three days, when it showed no more signs of putrefaction. Being now convinced that the strangers were mortal men like themselves, they readily entered into a general conspiracy to destroy them. Washington Irving. Family Library.

The Sergeant's wife. "Whom comes there?" said a sentinel to a person coming near his post. "A friend," softly said a timid voice. "Advance and give the parole." The same soft timid voice said, "Love." "Love," said the sentinel, "is not the parole, and you cannot pass. It is more than my life is worth, to permit you to pass." "Indeed, this is cruel indeed, not to allow a sergeant's wife to pass, to take perhaps her last farewell. I beseech you to let me pass, ere the morning's battle takes place, let me spend this night in his company. I have travelled forty miles to see him. Pass, friend—all's well!" It proved her last farewell.

Mrs. Hale, in a late number of the Ladies Magazine, complains because American women will not make their own fashions, and employ native milliners and mantua makers.—"At present," says she, "American ladies, as regards the fashion of their attire, rarely think more than did the ape when he put a red cap on his head because he saw such an one worn by the sailor."

A Plain Answer to a Plain Question. A few years ago a couple went to a country church to be married.—When in the course of the marriage service, the Minister asked the bridegroom, in the usual form, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" he coolly answered, "T—sure I will; I come of purpose."



**Newspapers.** At first newspapers were extremely small and limited in their extent, not exceeding the bounds of an ordinary letter; but after 1713 in which year newspapers were first stamped, it became necessary as much from this circumstance as from any other, to enlarge the size, as to raise the price. Notwithstanding, however, the important scenes that from that time up to the year 1750, were acting on the theatre of Europe, and the stirring events that took place in England and Scotland, the inventive powers of the editors appear frequently to have been at a stand-still; they were often puzzled enough in what manner to fill up their columns, scanty as they still were; and the latter year the editor of the *Leicester Journal*, a paper which was printed in London, and sent down to Leicester for publication; actually had recourse to the bible to help him out, and filled up his empty spaces with extracts from it! He commenced at the beginning of Genesis, and continued extracts from every succeeding number, chapter by chapter, as far as the 10th chapter of Exodus!

Old Sketches.

**Paper Linen.** A new article called paper linen, has lately been invented, and extensively used in Paris. It consists of paper, made to resemble damask, and other linen, so closely that it is impossible, without examination, to detect the difference; even to the touch, the articles are very much alike. They are used for every purpose to which linen is applicable, except, of course, those in which strength and durability are required. The price is very low—a napkin costs only about two cents; and when they become dirty, are taken back at half price. A good sized table cloth can be obtained for about 18 cents.

For Jan.

A courtier of the imperial regime, conversing with some ladies who obstinately refused to share his admiration for Napoleon, expressed his over-flowing zeal in rather a novel manner: "Ladies," said he, "I have such perfect confidence in the Emperor, that were he to call me knave, I might humbly remonstrate; but were he a second time to say, with an air of conviction, I assure thee thou art a knave!—as I am a man of honor, I would take his Majesty's word for it."

**But for Isopodite.** It is worthy of particular remark, that it is not in the lungs only that the blood exerts an action on man's system, etc. for a similar function appears to belong to the skin over the whole body. If the hand is confined in a perfect of atmospheric air, or oxygen gas, it is found that the system disappears, and is replaced by a portion of carbonic acid. At the same time a considerable quantity of watery fluid transpires, and may be collected by a proper apparatus. This fact gives us an insight into one grand source of health, arising from full exposure to the open air.

Dr. Graham's Chemical Catechism.

From the Cincinnati American.

#### WILL GASKET'S YARN.

Recorded in the *Journal of a quondam Sailor.*

"List, ye landladies all, to me."

It is less than two years since that beautiful vessel, the *Hornet*, sailed from New-York upon her last cruise.

I was on a cold morning, in the beginning of February, 1829, that we cast off; and, taking the tow of the steam boat, swept proudly over the polished surface of East River. 'Twas good to the heart of many a seaman, as he ceased his toilsome work on board the merchant vessels, to look at the lofty spars, the exquisite hull, and the matchless proportions, of that pride of our navy. She was a craft that one might gaze upon with untiring pleasure, so faultless was her outline. It seemed as if the builder had not misplaced a single plank, or the rigger a single rope, so admirable was her appearance in every point.

Such was the fitted *Hornet*, when she stood from the harbor of New-York. Opposite to Governor's Island the sails were spread, and the yards braced in every direction, as if to invite the breeze; but all was calm, save an occasional slight breath, as if some zephyr sighed a last farewell to the craft that was doomed to lay her "ribs and trucks" on the sand-beach east of Mexico. Thus she lay for a while, as if contemplating the beauty and grandeur of the surrounding scenery, until the swelling sails and the rippled waters indicated the approach of a breeze. It suddenly freshened, and yielding to its power, she gracefully careened, as if to bid adieu to that land whose waters were no more to be severed by her gallant prow, and then sped quickly on, leaving the city, with its stately mansions, lofty spires, and embattled fortresses, soon viewless in the distance.

After a pleasant sail of sixteen days, we entered the West Indies, on a lovely moonlight night, our fleet bark gliding gaily onward: it was my mid-watch. The island of Great Inagua lay to the southward.

My thoughts were occupied by home, and the endearing kindred I had left behind; and as I leaned against the foremast in silence, and estrangement from all around me, the boyish visions of other days floated in magic beauty before me, and I thought myself again in the busy streets of my native city. This pleasing reverie was disturbed by a gentle tap on my shoulder, and turning I was saluted by a touch of his hat by the honest tar whose name stands at the head of this narrative.

"D'ye see that land, sir?" said Will, in an under tone; "I know it well, and were all the midnight gentlemen of Africa strung along the

shore in the darkest night this craft ever sailed in, I'd see it."

"Well, Gasket, what is there about it which would so sharpen your vision? I suppose you have some yarn to spin about it: if so, let me hear it."

This was all the complacent quartermaster wished: so, seating himself on the arm chest beside me, and placing a huge lump of his favorite "Kentuck" in his mouth, and making two or three inexpressible preliminaries, he proceeded, at the same time averring solemnly to the truth of what he was about to say.

"It is now about five years since I sailed from Boston, in the good ship *Henry*, bound to St. Iago de Cuba. Our Captain's name was Bartlett, and a queer fellow he was.—After I shipped, he was in a great hurry to get things aboard, and he off to sea; and it appeared as if something ailed him, but he never let out any thing. I didn't much like his looks, but gave him a wide berth with plenty of sea room veer and haul in. It was good for the earache to hear him speak, as to the matter of his being seldom—but when he did open his word locker, the noise he made sounded more like the grumbling of a surf against a rock than any thing else. He was a younker to be skipper of a craft of five hundred tons, but he came so highly recommended that nobody thought any thing on the score of his age; but we did not like his ways, and it was hinted two or three times in the fore-castle that we'd better keep our weather eyes open, and I thought so myself, but said nothing.

"Well, sir, after a great hurry, we got to sea, and then he was just like a ship after a gale—pretty quiet, and looked as trim as you please. But this didn't last long, for he soon began to carry on his old ways; and whenever he came on deck, which was hardly once in a dog's age, he was rigged like one of your bay craft, with every thing flying in the wind.

"When we were about fifty leagues northward of this, he began to grow worse, and took on at such a rate that he made fools of the whole ship's company. Every one thought he was beset by the devil or some of his shipmates—and nobody went abaft the mainmast after dark without a companion. I never shall forget the night he first broke out into the most terrible screams that ever came athwart the ear of a sea-going man, for it doesn't require much overhauling of the log-book of my memory to find the place where that's marked down as the seams in a deck. I was at the helm, and I would have given my allowance of grog for a whole voyage to have been safe along side of Molly Gasket. The mate who had the watch on deck run down in the cabin and asked what was the matter; but the only answer he got was groans, and he had to haul off and leave him to himself.

"The next day hardly a word was spoken aboard except on duty, for we did not know what was in the wind.

"Well, sir, the very next night it was just the same way, and we were all as scared as a school of jumpers with a dolphin amongst them; and it was as much as the mate could do to keep a man at the helm, and then he had to give him an extra allowance of grog to tauten his ribs and braces. The next morning he came forward and called all hands together, and he looked as wo-begone as could be, too. He told us the captain had asked him how far we were from land, and when he heard we were only a hundred miles, jumped right out of his berth, and ordered the mate to 'bout ship and steer away from the land.

"Now, boys," says the mate, says he, 'what d'ye say; shall we do as the captain orders, or shall we go ahead on our own course and get into port as soon as we can? Captain Bartlett is not fit to command the ship, and if you'll give her up to me, I'll got you into harbor as quick as fair winds and carrying sail will take us there.'

"Now, sir, there was reason in this, for the mate was a plain spoken man, and wasn't overly fond of book larnin, so we all agreed to let him do as he pleased. In all this time we had light winds, and didn't go through the water at any great rate, though we had every stitch of canvass spread that our spars would bear.

"On the third night the captain burst out again worse than ever, and the helmsman run forward as hard as he could, and nearly broke his neck over the scuttle butt. I never saw a ship's crew in such a box in my life; not a man would go on the quarter-deck, and the mate was obliged to keep the wheel till morning. A fresh breeze then sprung up, and we squared away and went through the water like a fish. In the first dog watch we made the land right ahead, and about sunset this island was abeam of us about three miles off; when, as old Nep would have it, the wind died away, and we lay on the water like a log.

"But the sun had not more than got cleverly behind the land when the clouds began to back up from the eastward, and we were all sure of a blow. We set to at once and reduced the ship to a short-sail by taking a double reef on the top-sails, and sending down the light spars—for we looked for the worst, expecting to go to the bottom nearly as much as we expected the blow. About seven bells in the first watch it came.

"I was born on salt water, and have sailed on it almost since the day of my birth, but I never saw any thing to equal that. The ship was thrown on her beam ends—her bowsprit and mizen-mast went by the board—the launch with every thing in it went over the side, and death stared us in the face, for not one of us could stir tack or sheet. The sails were driven into ribbons by the fury of the gale, and even the double reef in them was blown from the yards, and every thread torn asunder. We lay on our side for near fifteen minutes—the ship groaning at every joint, and the rigging snapping like so much marlin, when at the very moment we thought she would fill and sink, a heavier squall than the first struck us and carried the mainmast by the deck, with all its hamper. Then she righted, and the eyes of man never looked on such a scene. The sea was in a blaze in every direction around us—the ship was a complete wreck, and, worst of all we were dead on a lee-shore.

"This, sir, was a situation for a man who was't prepared to die; and I would have felt more like closing the log-book of life, if I'd had a priest there to give a blessing. But while I was thinking of these matters, every thing appeared in a blaze, and a flash of lightning, so bright that it blinded the whole of us, shot fore and aft the deck. Every man screamed, but not one was hurt. The next moment a heavy step was heard in the forward part of the vessel—the moon opened from behind a cloud, and we saw a sight terrible enough to frighten the evil one. There was a man on the deck about six feet high, dressed in a seaman's clothes; every thing about him was dripping wet, and a large stream of blood was running down his breast from his mouth and nose, and from a large gash in his left side. We were all just as if we were lashed to the deck, for as he came near enough, we could see the eyeballs starting from his head, and the teeth between his parted lips.

"If we could have moved, I believe every one of us would have jumped overboard; but the closer he got the more we were scared, and for once in my life I thought the devil was after me. But, sir, the worst was to come yet; and if I thought my eyes were ever to look upon such another sight, I would want to be sewed up in my hammock and given to the fishes. Just as the apparition got to the mainmast it stopped and looked slowly round at every one of us, and after overhauling us in this fashion for about the turning of a log-glass, he shook his head and moved quietly on. I bid the gentleman good-bye, silently, and from the bottom of my heart, I know it was; for when he got by me I thought it would have leaped out of my mouth, for all the doctor says it's as big as my fist.

"But, sir, blast my chain plates if the fellow didn't stop at the companion-way and turn round full upon us. He stood that way for a moment, then pointed with his bloody finger to the cabin—shook himself till every drop of salt water about him sparkled, and made him look as if he was afire, and disappeared down the hatch-way. Then I breathed, and began to think it was over; but the next moment we heard the most piercing screams and shrieks, one after another, like a person in the greatest agony; and then a heavy, dull sound, like the dropping of a gun under the stern. We all rushed to the taffrail, but nothing was to be seen; we then went to the cabin: all there was still and silent as the grave, for the ghost in his passage took the captain for his cargo and made sail through the stern window."

"Was the mystery of this affair never cleared up?" said I, after Gasket had finished his story.

"Ay, was it, sir," continued Will, "for we had no sooner returned to Boston, than an officer came aboard and demanded the captain, for having, as he said, killed a man just before he sailed, who exactly answered the description of the ghost."

#### THE FIRST SHOT—AN HISTORICAL FACT.

"By Jove," cried young Jules, one bright morning in July, "if I only had a gun,"—and he pushed away with indignation the chestnut ringlets that circled round his youthful forehead, struck the table with his clenched fist, his youthful blood boiling in his veins, at the sight of friends and brothers murdered in cold blood: then he approached the window, and leaning his smooth and burning cheeks against the panes, which shook with the firing of the royal troops, his eyes filled with tears of grief and indignation, as he beheld massacre in the streets, and gazed on the result of a monarch's stupidity and a court's corruption.—

"Mamma! mamma!" he exclaimed, "only look; there are some poor fellows carried off on a litter; they must be dead or dying." "Oh my God, Jules, come from the window." "And look, look, there are some who have just fallen, bruised and wounded. By Jove, if I only had a gun."

His mother, alarmed at Jules' extreme agitation, drew him from the window, and endeavored to divert his mind, but he escaped from her kind solicitude, ran up the stairs, four steps at a time into the garret, where among other antiquities, he found an old, rather rusty musket, and little Jules clapped his hands in ecstasy and exclaimed, "By Jove I have got a gun at last." It was rather heavy for so youthful and inexperienced an arm—but what is impossible to a generous and intrepid heart, though it beat in the bosom of a boy of twelve—little Jules raised the musket, which just suited him, stepped down stairs with his precious burden, "pede suspensus," for fear of alarming his anxious and watchful mother. But when Jules got into the street he found his rusty and heavy musket not loaded. Luckily, as he thought, a grocer's store stood next door to his mother's house; he ran into the shop and exclaimed, "Do not be alarmed, I am your friend Jules; load my gun, good fellow, and make haste; by Jove, I'll give it to them yet." "What?" cried the astonished grocer; "you too?" "Load it, load it, and don't talk to me," replied Jules. "But you are too young to fight," remonstrated the friendly grocer; "they will kill you, Jules: do you not hear the cannons, and the dreadful firing?—just listen!"

But Jules stamped his foot, and answered only, "By Jove, old man, do not chatter so, but load my gun," and the grocer finding all entreaties vain, did as he was commanded, and loaded the gun. Jules, after casting one lingering and affectionate glance at the windows of his mother's house rushed into the street, already strewed with dead bodies. "Oh my God!" he murmured to himself; though even at this dreadful sight the courage of the boy failed him but for a moment. Just in front of him was a regiment of the king's household troops. An officer, in glittering uniform, with a drawn sword and threatening gestures, was leading them on to a new ruthless charge. Jules gazed for a moment at the terrific scowl, and imperious voice, with which the officer encouraged the massacre, and murmured once to himself, "By Jove, I have got a gun!" He posted himself behind a low wall, rested his musket on the top of it, took a long and deliberate aim, and fired. The officer in brilliant uniform fell from his horse shot directly through the heart. Jules rushed into his house, ran to his mother's room and told her in triumph how he had killed "his country's foe." And the trembling mother pressed him in silence to her beating heart; and had engraved on the old musket these few but expressive words,—*Paris, July 28, 1830.*

**How to raise the wind.** A fellow with more wits than words, recently took up his lodgings at a tavern in this city, and remained there some time without remunerating mine host for his goodly fare. The landlord dunned him and he was tired of dunning, but no money was forthcoming, and he was at length compelled to seize the gentleman's pantaloons while he lay in bed. The fellow then fixed, had to put his beams to work to hit upon a plan of getting out of the dilemma. About dusk in the evening he ordered a hack, and wrapping himself in his cloak, ordered the driver to take him to ———, a respectable hotel in this city. Enveloped in his cloak, *sans culotte*—he stepped boldly up to the bar and ordered a room. He was shown to one, possessing every comfort a gentleman could wish. In the morning he rang for the servant—and requested an interview with the landlord. The landlord came—"Sir," said the gentleman, incoherently—"I am in a very disagreeable situation—I came here last night before my trunks; and I have so much respect for the credit of your establishment, that I regret extremely having to inform you that this room was entered last night while I was asleep, and I robbed of my pantaloons, in the right-hand pocket of which were \$35. I am extremely sorry, but unless you remunerate me for my losses, I shall be obliged to make the matter public." The landlord seeing that the reputation of his house was at stake, and at the same time believing that he had to deal with a gentleman, immediately ordered his generous bodger a new pair of pantaloons, and agreed to pay him thirty-five dollars. Balt. Minerva.

[For the Constellation.]

#### TO E.

When evening shades are stealing o'er  
Each slumbering flower and tree,  
And Luna's beams, like molten gold,  
Stream 'thwart the tranquil sea;  
On the sweet scene I love to gaze,  
So like the soul's pure heaven;  
And think the Moon's soft, liquid rays,  
Resemble those of Heaven.

The fancy lifts my wretched soul,  
To bright, Elysian spheres;  
Where joyful hearts around me beat,  
Eyes beam, undim'd by tears;  
And there amid the happy throng,  
Thy spirit pure and shriven,  
Joining in love's seraphic song—  
I feel thou'rt mine in Heaven.

**SAFE FIRE-PLACE ADAPTED TO ALL SEASONS.**  
**SAVAGE'S PATENT KITCHEN RANGE,**  
 Consisting of Grate, Hot Hearth, Perpetual Oven and Boiler, for cooking with Anthracite Coal, may be seen in operation, at the Office, 78 Nassau street. And we venture to assert, the comforts and conveniences of this department of House-keeping, has never heretofore been understood, when compared with the beauty, economy, cleanliness, and conveniences of this admirable combination: and such is its plainness and simplicity, the most inexperienced cannot err in using it. The public are requested to call and examine for themselves, at No. 78 Nassau street, where alone they can be procured of the Proprietor. Among its other qualifications, it will be found to be an effectual remedy for smoky fire-places.

Numerous references of the first respectability in this city and Philadelphia.

N. B. The proprietor not having sold any part of his right, the Kitchen Ranges, only to be procured at his own establishment: and all persons are warned against infringing upon his right. The patent and specification may be seen at his Office, in Nassau street. March 19. t:18

### DR. H. C. THORP,

HAVING removed from Walker street to No. 399 Broadway, corner of Walker st. begs to return thanks to his friends for their past patronage, and to assure them and the public, that, having selected a stock of Drugs and Chemicals, of the first quality, and being determined to devote the whole of his time to the preparation of different Medicines, to be sold by himself, he doubts not but a liberal public will give him a share of their favors.

Dr. H. C. Thorp, in strongly recommending his *CARMINANTIA*, has only to refer his friends to the documents annexed, to show the efficacy of it. He is continually receiving the most satisfactory letters from his agents in the country—and has only to observe, that a single trial will prove more than he can indite. Sold in bottles at \$1, and \$1 50 cents. The \$1 bottles can only be obtained as above.

Physicians prescriptions accurately prepared. The undermentioned articles may be obtained at No. 399 Broadway:

Sedlitz Powders	Patent Groats
Soda do.	Dr. Steere's Opodeldoc
Boness Lozenges	Acidulated Drops
Sandwell's Issue Plasters	Pate de Jujube
Rowland's Macassar Oil	Henry's Cal. Magnesia
Balsam of Horehound	Milk of Roses
Polodolus, the Indian Extract	Balsam of Honey
Cone's Antidote	Court Plaster
Lee's Pills	Cold Blisters Skin
Hooper's do.	Tooth, Hair, and Nail
Son's do.	Brushes
Godfrey's Cordial	Syrup of Liverwort
British Oil	Premium Starch and Perfumery of every description
Balsam of Horehound	

I, Epentus P. Gould, do hereby certify, that for two years past, I have been afflicted with the Kings Evil, which disabled me from attending to my business for more than two thirds of the time. I employed the best physical and surgical aid to but little purpose, as it would, after partial relief, relapse with more violence than ever, by spreading itself over my shoulder, arm, and thigh, and the pain I endured of it, is more than pen can describe, so much so, that I was apprehensive it would be the cause of my death in a short time. But providentially, in looking over the N. Y. Evening Journal, and seeing Dr. H. C. Thorp's advertisement, I was induced to make trial of his *Carminantia*, or Panacea. On taking one bottle, I found relief, but taking four large bottles of it, it has restored me to perfect health and better than I have enjoyed these many years; and for the further satisfaction of those interested, I will, if they will call on me show the scars it has left.

Signed, **EPENTUS P. GOULD**, in 21st St. between the 6th and 9th Avenue. New-York, Dec. 18, 1829.

**NEW-YORK CONSOLIDATED LOTTERY,**  
 Class No. 6, for 1831. To be drawn in the city of New-York, on Thursday, the 24th of March, 1831, at a quarter past four o'clock P. M. 66 number Lottery—10 drawn balls.

SCHEME.			
1	Prize of	\$25,000	\$25,000
1	-	10,000	-
1	-	5,000	-
1	-	2,160	-
10	-	1,000	-
10	-	500	-
10	-	300	-
20	-	200	-
60	-	100	-
50	-	50	-
50	-	40	-
112	-	30	-
112	-	25	-
224	-	20	-
1960	-	10	-
15400	-	5	-
YATES & MINTYRE, Managers.			

### LIVERY STABLE, 661 BROADWAY.

A. BROWER informs his friends and the public, that he can supply them with Horses and Chariages of any description at the shortest notice on reasonable terms. March 12. 6m

### VEGETABLE CERATE AND HAIR RESTORATIVE.

*Hair Restorative, and Preservative Vegetable Cerate.*  
 A REMEDY for baldness and the falling off of the hair. For the last eight years this valuable discovery has gained the highest reputation, and has been used by more than 20,000 people, and given the greatest satisfaction.

The fullest reliance may be placed in the efficacy and power of the Vegetable Cerate, not only in restoring and preventing the falling off of the hair, but in producing the greatest lustre and liveliness of it imaginable; the verity of which has been proved by many years experience. It tends to resuscitate and excite the energies of the capillary vessels which constitute those organs that secrete the matter forming the hair; these, like many other organs of the animal body which have been in a state of dormancy or disease, may be restored to their healthy action, and perform all those functions assigned them by nature. In many instances, that disagreeable disease among children, the scald head, has been effectually cured by the Cerate. Persons embarking on long voyages or going to warm climates, will find it to their advantage to take the Cerate with them, as all hot climates are so injurious to baldness. To guard against impositions, the Cerate is now put up in glass bottles, with the words "Vegetable Cerate and Hair Restorative," longitudinally blown in the glass. There are certificates left with the different agents, which are sufficient to convince any person who will call and read them, of the salutary effect this valuable article has on the production and growth of hair. The public are cautioned against a spurious imitation of the Cerate, and in order to prevent imposition, the sale of it will be confined in this city to the following drug stores—James H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chamber streets; Rushton & Aspinwall, 81 William street; Patrick Dickie, 413 Broadway; John B. Dodd, Franklin House, 193 Broadway; Place & Souillard, No. 2 Park; H. C. Thorp, 399 Broadway and David Perkins, 29 Maiden Lane.

Marshall C. Slocum, corner Broadway and Duane streets; Benjamin G. Jansen, 189 1-2 Hudson street; Dr. Church, 188 Bowery; and at the corner of William and Beekman streets, agents for the proprietor.

None are genuine except purchased from the above places. Price \$1 75 per bottle—\$15 per doz.

Dr. William Burgoine has been agent these eight years in Charleston, S. C. and continues as such.

New York, March 19. 6m18  
**NEW YORK GYMNASIUM,**  
 473 Broadway.

MR. FULLER has the pleasure of informing the public, that his Gymnasium continues open, as heretofore, for the practice of those numerous and very useful exercises and amusements for which this institution has now become so generally and advantageously known. The flattering success Mr. F. has already met with, he is happy to say, has enabled him to make a very material reduction in the amount of the yearly, half yearly and quarterly subscriptions, which he trusts, by greatly increasing the list of subscribers, will more widely make known the merits of his establishment, and likewise continue to it the terms of unqualified approbation it has heretofore sustained. He is particularly desirous of calling the attention of the sufferers from dyspepsia to several of his exercises, some of which are found by decided experience, to operate precisely in the same manner in curing this distressing complaint as that of Mr. Halsted, without the objections to which his is supposed to be liable, as to the mode of applying the remedy, and with the very obvious advantage of creating a natural and healthy glow and warmth over the whole frame, giving an invigorating exercise to the muscles of the chest, abdomen and arms, and likewise possessing the decided preference of its being an agreeable past time.

The Elements of Gymnastics, published by Mr. Fuller, and containing the opinions of some of the most eminent Physicians on the great benefits to be derived from these exercises, may be had at Gilley's Book store, 91 Broadway, and at the Gymnasium—price 25 cents. March 19. 3m18

**Saddle, Harness, Trunk and Military Equipment Manufacturer.**

G. H. RAMPEN, 312 Broadway, next to Masonic Hall, offers for sale on reasonable terms, Saddles, Bridles, Harnesses and Trunks, Military Caps and Bells of every description; Carpet Bags, Valises, &c. March 19. t:18



### ECONOMY.

THE most improved article styled the FRANKLIN HAT having met the decided approbation of those who have examined and tried them, the subscriber is prompted to continue the manufacture of them on a larger scale than heretofore: orders for these, or Hats of any quality will be received with pleasure and executed with despatch. On hand the usual variety of Gentlemen's and Children's travelling and fancy Cars, among which will be found a number of entire new patterns, intended for spring fashions.

WM. R. HAZLET.  
 267 Broadway, opposite the Park.  
 March 19. t:18

### CABINET WAREHOUSE.

MAGGS & STEPHENS, 178 Laurens, between Bleeker and Houston streets, offer for sale, on reasonable terms, a large assortment of Chairs, Sofas, Bureaus, Card, Breakfast, Centre and Work Tables; Box, Looking Glasses, Bedsteads, Wash Stands and Furniture of every description, which they warrant equal to any in the city. Mahogany Doors made to order at the shortest notice. March 19, 1831. t:18

### MUSIC FROM CINDERELLA.

JUST published the following Select Songs, &c. from this charming Opera, viz:—"When morning's sweets are flinging," sung by Mr. Jones; "Once a King there chanced to be," sung by Mrs. Austin; in the chimney corner scene; "Let thine eyes on mine mildly beam," the exquisite duet sung by Mrs. Austin and Mr. Jones; "Grand March from Cinderella," by Pons. The above choice pieces are published and sold by BOURNE, at his very cheap and fashionable music, stationary and fancy goods store, 359 Broadway.

Will be published in a few days the celebrated Tyrolienne, sung by Mrs. Austin and chorus, with the variations for the voice, the arrangement, and the variations composed by Signor G. Pons; also, a set of cotillions, embracing the favorite airs in Cinderella, the music arranged by Mr. Pons, and new figures by Mr. Parker, as danced at his Academy with the greatest success. The overture to Cinderella will also be published by Bourne in a few days.

Music of Rokeby—"Oh cease busy fancy," "Sicilian Knight," with a vignette. This is one of the most admirable songs recently published. The subject is from Von Webber's Opera of Preciosa. BOURNE, 359 Broadway. March 12.



### SADDLE, HARNESS AND TRUNK MANUFACTORY.

H. STEPHENS informs his friends and the public, that he has taken store 218, Hudson street, where he intends removing his Manufactory on the first of May. He offers for sale at the above place, or at his old stand 517 Greenwich street, Saddles, Harnesses, and Trunks of every description on reasonable terms. Orders put up at the shortest notice. March 12. 3m

### WONDERFUL!

SYLVESTER, 130 BROADWAY, New-York, official drawing of the New York Consolidated Lottery, regular Class, No. 3, for 1831, March 10.

**MORE SUCCESS. Ever and all lucky**  
 Sylvester has done wonders.

3	33	56	61	5	10	62	16
It should be remembered I have no connexion with any other person in New-York. Orders (which meet the same attention as on personal application) must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, New-York. This is requisite to prevent imposition.							
The following splendid Lotteries will next be drawn:							
Every ticket a Prize—one number will receive \$10							
March 17,	Extra No. 5,	30,000,	15,000,	10,000,			\$10
" 24,	" " 6,	25,000,	10,000,	5,000,			5
" 31,	Regular, 4,	three prizes of	\$10,000,				10
April 7,	Extra Class 7,	(a rare and superior Lottery),					
		only 17,000 Tickets capital 30,000,					10
" 14,		15,000,					5
" 21,		30,000,					10

THE Reporter and Counterfeit Detector is published by Sylvester, every Thursday evening. It contains Price Current; news of the week; Bank Note Table; Counterfeit Detector; List of broken Banks; and much useful information to the merchant, traders, &c. 1,50 per annum. Single copies 6 1-4 cents.

N. B. Those who deal with Sylvester are entitled to the Reporter, gratis. March 12.

### BRUSH MANUFACTORY.

ABRAHAM & JOHN PECKHAM, 280 Greenwich Street, offer for sale a general assortment of Brushes on reasonable terms. March 12. 6m

A CARD.—JOHN HUTCHINSON informs his friends and the public, he has reopened his old establishment, EAGLE TAVERN, corner of Washington and Robinson sts. and begs to assure all those who shall honor him with their patronage, that his table shall be well provided, his cellar well stock with the best wines and liquors, his apartments and beds clean and well aired, and every attention paid to the comfort of his boarders. Travellers can be accommodated with lodging at all hours.

### UNPARALLELED!

Both the Capital Prize and at WAITE'S yesterday, viz.: No. 3 33 56, the highest prize 30,000 dollars; also, No. 5 10 61, the next highest prize, 15,000, were both sold at WAITE'S on the day of drawing; and it must be fresh in the minds of every one, that the \$20,000 and \$10,000 a few days since, were also sold at WAITE'S.

### CHAIR BEDSTEAD.

WILLIAMS WOOLLEY has for some time past, applied himself to the production of a Bedstead which shall apply to all the purposes and conveniences of the sick and infirm, in the best possible manner and with the least cost. This he has accomplished, and now offers the result to the public. Several eminent surgeons and physicians of this city have examined this Bedstead, and their certificate of approbation is given below, in which a description is contained. These Bedsteads may be had at his Bedstead Warehouse, No. 378 Broadway, corner of White street, New-York, where the public generally, and the medical profession in particular, are invited to call and examine them. The present prices are from 16 to 20 dollars including a good hair mattress.

CERTIFICATE.—New-York, February, 1831.—The undersigned having examined a bedstead, intended for the benefit of the sick, constructed by Williams Woolley, cannot but express their gratification at the invention, and their opinion that it is the best calculated for the comfort and convenience of the sick of any they have ever examined, being capable of being converted from a bedstead into a chair, and again restored to the state of a bedstead without incommencing the patient. From its simplicity, cheapness and facility in use, they consider it as well calculated both for hospitals and families:

Valentine Mott, M. D. John Baxter, M. D.  
 D. W. Kissam, Jr. M. D. John C. Chesman, M. D.  
 David L. Rogers, M. D. Samuel L. Mitchell, M. D.  
 Peter C. Tappan, M. D. F. U. Johnston, M. D.  
 William M. Ireland, M. D. David Hosack, M. D.

**PREMIUM BEDSTEADS.**—Williams Woolley's new, ly invented and improved bedsteads, adapted to the situation and means of all classes, manufactured and sold by the proprietor, No. 378 Broadway, corner of White street, New-York. His Secret Bedstead, adapted to, and enclosed within various kinds of furniture, such as sideboards, tables, book-cases, writing desks, bureaus, sofas, settees, &c. as well as stove counters, will be furnished to order, at different prices—from 15 to 75 dollars, according to the style of workmanship and materials used; all which he will warrant free from the inconvenience attached to the press bedsteads heretofore in use, in that they are readily and expeditiously arranged for either purpose and no ways liable to bugs, as is fully attested by all those who have them in use.

W. W. has also applied his improvement in tightening the sacking, to the common post bedsteads, which render them decidedly superior to any that have been made. Of these he has constantly on hand a large assortment, and can supply orders for either the high post, field, French, or low post kind, of various materials and workmanship, and at different prices—from 5 to 35 dollars.

Also, an improved Cot Bedstead, very suitable for public houses—price, 4 to 6 dollars.

**SOFA BEDSTEADS.**—Of this article he has a variety, viz: full finished Parlor Sofa Bedsteads, from 50 to 80 dollars; Settees, &c. suitable for dining rooms, nurseries, stores, Steamboats, &c. from 15 to 40 dollars. These articles (Sofa Bedsteads) the committee of Cabinet Makers, at the late fair in New-York, have especially recommended as being constructed on the best principle, and on an excellent plan. They included, also, his Counter and Sideboard Bedsteads, and likewise his ordinary four Post Bedsteads, all of which are first rate premium articles.

All orders for any of the above articles will be immediately attended to. WILLIAMS WOOLLEY. March 12.

### SHAWLS SELLING OFF

For a few weeks only, at 449 Broadway Store. JAMES WELLSTOOD, Shawl Manufacturer, is now selling off the remainder of his extensive and rich Stock of Shawls, shawl trimmings, and fringes.

The Ladies of New-York and its vicinity will find it to their interest to avail themselves of the present favorable opportunity, of purchasing a superior Shawl, and also, of getting their Shawls made up, cleaned, and repaired in the very first rate style of shawl manufacture. It will be necessary to apply in time, as J. W. intends leaving the city soon.

N. B. Also a superb collection of engravings; annual illustrations; scraps, and a few mineral specimens. March 12. 2m

### NOTICE.

THE celebrated strengthening plaster, for pain or weakness, in the breast, back, side or limbs; and for Rheumatic Affections, Liver Complaints, and Dyspepsia, for sale at No. 38, Beekman Street. This medicine is the invention of an eminent surgeon, and so numerous are the instances in which the most salutary effects have been produced by it, that it is with the utmost confidence recommended to all who are afflicted with those distressing complaints. The sale of this remedy commenced in May, 1827, from this establishment, and the sales have been very extensive. It affords us great pleasure in stating, notwithstanding a condition was annexed to each sale, that if relief was not obtained, the money should be returned; out of those numerous sales, from the period above mentioned, up to the present time, ten only have been returned; and those, upon strict inquiry, were found to be diseases for which they were not recommended. This we trust (when fairly considered) will be the strongest evidence that could possibly be given of its utility.

Where the applicants are known, no money will be required till the trial is made and approved where they are not known, the money will be returned, provided the benefit above stated is not obtained.

Apply at 38 Beekman, corner of William st. Also for sale at No. 9 Bowery.

T. KENSETT.

### AGENTS FOR THE CONSTELLATION.

Clarksville, Tennessee, F. J. Batson, Assistant P. M.  
 Ballston, New-York, Joel Lee, P. M.  
 Flemingsburg, Ky., John C. Mullay.  
 Ithaca, New-York, A. B. Clark.  
 Mobile, Alabama, Charles Thomas.  
 Tamagua, Pennsylvania, Abraham Rex, P. M.  
 Lexington, North Carolina, D. B. Rounsaville.  
 New Brunswick, New Jersey, Reuben Ayres.  
 Portland, Maine, Samuel Coleman, bookseller.  
 Portsmouth, New Hampshire, N. March, bookseller.  
 Saugerties, New-York, J. Russell, P. M.  
 Troy, New-York, Clark & Hosford, booksellers.  
 Taunton, Mass., Joseph L. Lord, P. M.